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"THE SOLID SOUTH"—GAUNT AND HUNGRY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a trenchant Political Cartoon,* "TILDEN SPELLS REFORM," *and two beautiful engravings, entitled* "UNLOADING A FRENCH HERRING BOAT AT BOULOGNE" *and* "THE BASS ROCK."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"THE SOUTH" IN THE CANVASS.

It is not surprising that the immediate and general peril involved in a Democratic restoration—in other words, in the surrender of the administration to a combination of the old rebel and Copperhead interest—should precede all special issues in the campaign. The Democrats had so skillfully used Republican offenses, and had so sedulously declared that there was but one issue, and so many Republicans had become disheartened, that there was a general disposition when the canvass opened to forget that to-day can not be entirely dissevered from yesterday, and that the rules of common-sense and common prudence can not be more safely disregarded in public than in private affairs. It was the hitherto unconsidered fact that Mr. TILDEN, if successful, could be elected only by the "solid South" with the aid of its old Democratic allies in the North, and that his administration would represent the defeat of the sentiment of the "loyal Union" States, which has suddenly and within a month startled the good sense of the country. It asks whether, conceding all that can fairly be charged against Republican administration, the individual offenses of BELKNAP and others, and all for which Republicans may justly be held responsible in the Southern States, is it advisable, in view of the powerful reform element in the Republican party and of the issues that are involved in the election, to call to the administration the unchanged Democratic party, with its controlling force now as always in the Southern States? Under any circumstances, and without the least partisan malice or unreason, can "the South," at this time and in the midst of late events, be supposed to be the seat of such patriotism, such love of the Union, such desire of reform, such devotion to the national faith and honor, such loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, before which the Confederate ensign went down ten years ago, that it would be wise to confide to it the government of the Union?

No allegation that "the South" has "acquiesced with dignity," that carpet-baggers and scalawags and negro Legislatures have devastated the land, should for an instant cloud the good sense of the country. The Republican party, whatever its failures, can not fairly be held to account for the inevitable consequences of slavery and of emancipation justified by the necessity of national existence. To intrust the protection of the rights guaranteed to the new citizens to the late master race, humiliated and exasperated as they are known to be, and not unnaturally, would offer the country the alternative of submitting tranquilly to the practical destruction of the rights conferred by the amendments, or of resisting. Certainly it is not an alternative that promises peace. This situation is not affected by the declarations of Mr. WADE HAMPTON that he will protect all rights and all persons, nor by the appeals of Mr. ISHAM G. HARRIS that he and his friends wish only peace. It is not their promises and professions on the stump, it is all experience, knowledge of human nature, the history of every land and of the last ten years in the Southern States, that must determine the action of the country. When in all those ten years has Mr. HAMPTON or Mr. HARRIS raised a voice or a hand to stay the terror that the Ku-Klux began? What have they and their friends practically done but hold aloof and pray and vote for a Democratic restoration? They were really masters of the situation. They might have readily acquired the control of the negro vote and the support of negro sympathy. In South Carolina Governor CHAMBERLAIN had made a stand against the Republican rascals. Why did not Mr. HAMPTON and his party strengthen the Governor's hands? The Convention that nominated Mr. HAMPTON was besought not to be guilty of the fatal folly of nominating him as against CHAMBERLAIN, and so forcing the Republicans to unite. He and his friends persisted. Why? Because they believed in a Democratic success in November, and did not wish to be entangled.

The Republican party is held responsible for the Southern situation; but if no scalawag or bummer had ever entered a Southern State, if every thing had been left to HAMPTON and HARRIS, if ANDREW JOHNSON's policy had prevailed, would there have been any change in the situation of those States from the old time, except that upon the ruins of their prosperity peonage and the system of black codes would have taken the place of slavery? This does not seem to us the way of peace or of real union. The victorious country would have felt that it was cheated of the hardly won gains of the war. Now the Democratic policy tends precisely to that result. And as it is a result in which the country will not and should not acquiesce, it is to be resolutely avoided. Once abolish in the Southern mind the hope of a Democratic restoration, by which the negro will be "put down"—once compel the most reluctant to feel that they must make the best instead of the worst of the situation—and the best and most friendly Republican sentiment, that which is represented by HAYES and not by BUTLER, would at once control the national policy in the South. The Democratic party is the obstruction to pacific union now as it was the obstruction to pacific freedom twenty years ago. Nor can there be any real political re-organization until the old Democratic party of SEYMOUR and TILDEN, of HAMPTON and of HARRIS, disappears.

MR. EVARTS ON MR. SEWARD.

MR. EVARTS paid a splendid tribute to Mr. SEWARD at the unveiling of the statue in Madison Square, and the view of the "great career" that he presented will probably be accepted as, upon the whole, true and final. As became the occasion and the necessary brevity of the discourse, Mr. EVARTS's tone was positive and general. His purpose was to present the relation of his subject to his time, to record his achievements, and portray the various powers by which his ends were accomplished. He proudly challenged the exposure of any failure in duty or short-coming in ability, or any uncertainty of faith, courage, conscience, or duty, upon the part of Mr. SEWARD. With great art the eulogist described Mr. SEWARD's Senatorial career. He "maintained fully and fairly the doctrines concerning the issue of slavery which could be distinguished on the one side from compromise, and on the other from the irreconcilability of abolitionism."

This is skillfully stated, but it is just here that the difference in the estimate of Mr. SEWARD is to be found. Was there any middle ground between the sides except compromise? Was not the necessity of the situation a will hostile to slavery as indomitable as itself? Did not slavery always feel that with Mr. SEWARD compromise was possible? Did not Mr. SEWARD himself feel it? Had he any doubt that, had he been chosen President instead of LINCOLN, the war might have been avoided, on the very ground that slavery would hope for an arrangement with him? If this were so—and so we read the history of the time and the character of Mr. SEWARD—the explanation is surely not to be found in any form of uncertainty of faith, or want of conscience, or imperfect sense of duty. The young advocate who defended FREEMAN did not quail before any emergency to which conscience summoned him. But Mr. SEWARD's position in the great debate was due to temperament. He was, above all, intellectual. Reason with him was supreme. He saw clearly the irrepressible conflict. He stated it plainly. He thought that there could be no further question. And as man is a reasonable being, men would prevent the conflict from degenerating into a strife at arms. This was his illusion. And this was the reason that he was not feared and hated as SUMNER was, yet wholly without blame upon his part.

Mr. SEWARD's illustrious service as Secretary of State is applauded by Mr. EVARTS as the greatest achievement of statesmanship in our age. He kept the world at peace with us when much of the world wanted war, and when war would have been fatal. Mr. EVARTS's noble praise of this great achievement is well deserved. It is impossible to read the history of those times and of Mr. SEWARD's wise and faithful service without willingly condoning his mistaken view of our own politics when the war ended. That was largely due to imperfect information, and to the optimistic speculation which characterized his ardent and generous mind. Mr. EVARTS, with grave propriety of tone, speaking in the midst of a Presidential "campaign," alluded to the connection of Mr. SEWARD with the rise of the Republican party. "He had as much as any one to do with its foundation, with its discipline, with its instruction, with its triumph, and with all the great transactions in which it led." It is true. And at this moment, and in the pending contest, we can not but remember that while Mr. SEWARD, Mr. SUMNER, and Mr. EVARTS himself were Republicans, confident in the wise agency of that party, and proud of its great achievements, Mr. TILDEN, on the other hand, was sure, as he wrote to Mr. PRESTON KING, long SEWARD's colleague in the Senate,

> "That every thing that could be usefully or safely done to protect all the interests and rights of the North could be even better accomplished without the use of such a dangerous agency, and that such an organization would either be a political blunder or it would be a political crime, in creating a conflict in which the government would probably perish."

Mr. SEWARD knew that the conflict already existed, and that it made the party, and was not made by it. Moreover, it was the Republican party that prevented the government from perishing, while Mr. TILDEN's doctrines and policy would have destroyed it. The difference between the men, as history now discloses it, is that between an American statesman and a Democratic politician.

THE HEATED TERM.

MR. BLAINE is accustomed to give and to receive hard blows. In alluding to Judge CLIFFORD's recent decision in the NEAL DOW case, "giving judgment to a rebel against DOW personally for the sugar seized on his plantation by a foraging party from his regiment," he spoke of the judge, according to the report, as "an ingrain hungry Democrat, double dyed and twisted, dyed in the wool, and coarse wool at that." Such language, spoken jocosely to a great crowd in the open air, although not pleasant language to be applied to a judge, is not a very grave offense. On the other hand, Mr. ABRAM HEWITT, a Democratic colleague of Mr. BLAINE in the last Congress, is reported in a Democratic paper to have spoken of Mr. BLAINE in very offensive terms, and if correctly reported, Mr. HEWITT is bound to justify his words if he can.

> "He said that BLAINE's assertions in Ohio were the coolest exhibitions of impudence he had ever heard of, and they were also exhibitions of very cool and deliberate lying. BLAINE being 'struck down by the hand of God' in church, had put a stop to a proceeding which, if it had continued to the end, might have made it very inconvenient for Mr. BLAINE to be in Ohio now; and the truth would come out yet, and it might be expedient to bring it out before the close of the present canvass."

The insinuations of these remarks ought certainly to be verified by Mr. HEWITT. There can be no doubt of the "expediency," although he raises the question, of proving any kind of dishonesty against conspicuous public men. Mr. HEWITT is, of course, aware that one member of Congress ought not to call another a liar, or insinuate that he is criminally corrupt, and do nothing further; for such assertions, wantonly made, react and cover the author with just suspicion and discredit.

The remark that excited the anger of Mr. HEWITT was not the gibe at Judge CLIFFORD, but Mr. BLAINE's statement in regard to the payment of rebel claims. According to the report:

> "Mr. HEWITT said he wanted to contradict a statement made by Mr. BLAINE in Ohio yesterday. He [BLAINE] said that if the Democratic party came into power, there would be about $200,000,000 of claims presented to Congress by Southern people for payment. He [BLAINE] also said that the whole control of business in Congress was such at the last session as would have enabled any of those claims to get through. He read from a speech made by Mr. CONGER, a Republican, in the House, attesting that the conduct of the Democratic Committee on War Claims had been fair, upright, and honorable in the extreme."

This was followed by the remark we have quoted, that the allegation was a lie. Mr. HEWITT may mean that it is a lie to say that the claims will be paid. But that can not be known, and as Mr. BLAINE undoubtedly believes what he says, he is not for that reason a liar. If Mr. HEWITT means that it is a lie to state that such claims have been presented in Congress, he is again at fault, because they have been. Mr. HALE said, in a speech upon the floor of the House on the 8th of August, that he had a carefully compiled list of the claims suspended in the committees, and they amounted to about $160,000,000; and as many of these are test claims, Mr. LAWRENCE, a member from Ohio, and former chairman of the Committee on War Claims, thought that a payment of from four to seven hundred millions of dollars was involved. Here are specific allegations of things that could be readily known to any member of the House. It is not enough for Mr. HEWITT to brand them as false, and those who make them as probably knaves.

Mr. BLAINE said also in his speech to which Mr. HEWITT alludes, that when the Democrats obtained control of the committee, they struck out the Republican rule that a claimant must first establish his loyalty before establishing his claim. This is one of the assertions that Mr. HEWITT stigmatizes as false. But why is not Mr. BLAINE's word upon such a point of fact as good as Mr. HEWITT's? The Democratic majority struck out the small appropriation for the care of the rebel archives, a vast collection of papers which, by throwing light upon the facts in regard to claims, would save immense sums to the Treasury. The "reduction" and "economy" of the salary saved open the way to the easier payment of enormous claims. The question of the probable payment of claims is one that can be decided only upon general considerations. With the present feeling of "the South," no one will deny that the payment is more probable under the administration of a party which can succeed only by the vote of "the South" than under Republican ascendency. The canvass has become warm, but Mr. HEWITT is a man who can not satisfy himself or others by the mere slang of the campaign. He is bound to explain which of Mr. BLAINE's statements—not opinions or inferences—were cool and deliberate lies.

PROSPECTS AND CHANCES.

THE formation of civil service reform clubs in various parts of the country, and the plain questions upon the subject which are occasionally addressed to members of Congress, show that the movement for fundamental and radical reform is becoming general, and will presently be effective. It is not the least significant sign that, so far as we know, every club of this kind is Republican, and not Democratic. If there be any considerable number of the adherents of Tammany Hall, or any following of Mr. TILDEN, which is heartily and intelligently in favor of the reform, they guard an inviolable secrecy. Mr. JOHN KELLY, indeed, the chief of Tammany, demands reform, and so does FERNANDO WOOD. Colonel JOHN R. FELLOWS cried aloud for reform at Hudson the other evening, and Mr. AUGUST BELMONT at Babylon. Mr. AUGUSTUS SCHELL, the late chairman of the National Democratic Committee, said, at the meeting in Washington, that he thought reform indispensable; Senator KERNAN and General SPINOLA were urgent for reform at Albany a few weeks since; and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY is the very apostle of TILDEN reform. But in all the demands of these gentlemen there is a suspicious vagueness. They wish, indeed, to reform Republican stealing, and so do Republicans. Mr. TILDEN desires that honest men shall be appointed to office, and he can not say that the Republican office-holders are not generally of that class. The reform demanded by Messrs. KELLY, WOOD, FELLOWS, SPINOLA, MORRISSEY, & Co. was aptly described by one of the brethren, who said that the Republicans had had their fingers in the Treasury long enough, and he wanted the Democrats to have a chance.

When Tammany Hall is turned into a Civil Service Reform Club, we shall believe that the Democratic party means reform. In the mean time, while we are perfectly aware that the custom-houses and great post-offices are not clubs of that kind, we do know that the conviction of the necessity of the reform and the practical movements toward its accomplishment are almost exclusively among Republicans, while the letter of Governor HAYES is a platform of the best principles upon the subject. We are told that if he is elected there will be a fight in the party to secure the observance of his principles. Very well. It is very much better to have a party in which there will be a contest for a good result than one in which there will not be even a stroke for it. We doubt if there be a single intelligent supporter of Mr. TILDEN who supposes that in case of his election there will be any practical steps toward reform of the system of appointments and removals by party influence; while, on the other hand, Mr. HAYES knows that in the efforts to which he is pledged he will be supported by the real sentiment of his party.

Another sign of this spirit is the question which is asked of many Republican candidates for nomination to Congress:

> "Will you, if elected, confine yourself to giving information or advice to the Executive, when asked, and for the rest mind your own business, leaving the President and departments to attend to theirs?"

This is in strict accordance with the letter of Governor HAYES, and a Congress of members who should conform to such an engagement would be practically a Congress of reform. The main business of members now is "taking care of their constituents," that is, "broking" for offices. Those who voted for the member turn up by scores and hun-

dreds, as if they had laid him under personal obligation, and were to be repaid by an office. They assure him that they have "never asked any thing before," and every one of the office-seekers holds the wretched victim to a strict personal responsibility for the applicant's private profit. The result is inevitable. Those whom such practices disgust are very apt to decline nominations; and the fatal argument against a candidate is that "he does nothing for the boys." This is the point at which the contest begins. And every candidate who has thus far been nominated because of his affirmative answer to the question we have mentioned makes a successful issue surer.

TWEED.

IT is pleasant to know that the drawings of Mr. NAST in this paper, which did so much to bring TWEED to justice, have been also the means of preventing him from escaping punishment. It was by one of the pictures furnished by the American minister to the Spanish authorities that TWEED was recognized. The order for his extradition was an act of courtesy upon the part of the Spanish Government, with which we have no treaty for such purposes; but it is in harmony with the old practice between the countries. In the ARGUELLES correspondence Mr. SEWARD warmly acknowledges the comity of Spain in such transactions, and cites a list of instances in which it has been shown. The pretense of finding something in the fact of the surrender of TWEED prejudicial to the present Secretary of State is absurd. The theory is that it is an acknowledgment of the regard of Spain for his conduct in the Cuban insurrection. There is nothing more admirable in Mr. FISH's career than the wise and steady management of that difficult subject, and to him is due the praise for the honorable position which this country has occupied during all the Cuban troubles. He has observed strictly the best public law or custom, and has been scrupulously careful both of our rights and our duties. If Spain is grateful, it is not for any especial service to her, except so far as every country is served by fidelity to the great principles of international comity.

How much the country or the city will gain from the return of TWEED remains to be seen. The expectation of astounding revelations from him is undoubtedly doomed to disappointment. His relations with various noted persons are well known, and he could hardly throw much further light upon them. There is nothing "heroic" in TWEED's knavery. Sordid politics gave him his opportunity, and he improved it to the utmost. He had certain instincts of a demagogue, as when he gave fifty thousand dollars for coal for distribution among the poor. But as he did nothing but steal enormous sums of money with comparative safety to himself, he can be made nothing more than a great thief. The long delay of judgment is not due to himself, but to the ingenuity of his counsel in opposing technical legal obstacles. What further efforts of the kind will be made will depend, doubtless, upon the chance of payment. But whether justice be at once done or still longer postponed, the case will be memorable in legal and political history as showing the opportunity afforded by our intricate municipal system to the designs of knaves.

THE COMEDY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

UPON the whole, the most amusing incident in the campaign is Mr. AUGUST BELMONT's vindication of Mr. TILDEN's "war record." It is the more amusing that it took place in New York, where Mr. TILDEN's record in the war is as familiar as Mr. BELMONT's. The wiser course for the latter gentleman would have been loftily to dismiss the whole subject as a past issue and a bygone. But the consciousness that it is not and can not be a past issue whether a candidate for the Presidency in 1876 was true to the country during the war that closed in 1865 constrains Mr. BELMONT to attempt a defense. He said, according to the report:

"During all the trials of our civil war, and in our darkest hours of probation, SAMUEL J. TILDEN was steadfast, true, and unwavering in his devotion to the cause of the Union. Of this I had frequent and ample proofs during the long time I was honored with the chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee, stretching over a period of twelve years, from 1860 to 1872. My voice and efforts from the very beginning of our national troubles were ever loud and uncompromising for the vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union. My bitterest enemies have never been able to point to a single word or action of mine which the most perverted ambition could misconstrue on that point; and I am proud to say that on all the great and stirring questions which agitated the public mind during all these trying times I always found Mr. TILDEN hold the same opinions with myself."

Mr. TILDEN showed how steadfast, true, and unwavering he was by refusing to sign a call for a Union meeting, as Governor DIX distinctly states, and as Mr. HEWITT's explanation does not deny, by declaring the war a failure, and, while SHERMAN was still upon his march to the sea, helping to nominate to the Vice-Presidency GEORGE H. PENDLETON, a frank and resolute opponent of the war. Mr. TILDEN further illustrated his devotion to the Union and the war for its maintenance by publishing for circulation the speeches of the most malignant "Copperheads" in the country. If they were true and unwavering friends of the Union, so was Mr. TILDEN. If VALLANDIGHAM and PUGH and FERNANDO WOOD were "Union men" and "loyal men" and "war men," so was Mr. TILDEN. The pamphlets his society published and issued were such as JEFFERSON DAVIS would have selected and ROBERT TOOMBS approved. Mr. TILDEN's published views of the Union were such as CALHOUN would have applauded. Mr. BELMONT might as wisely insist among New Yorkers whose memories go back a dozen years that Mr. TILDEN is ten feet high as that he was not a "Copperhead" of the war.

If Mr. BELMONT was not the same thing, he did himself great injustice. He may truly say that he always found Mr. TILDEN holding the same opinions upon the subject as himself. But had the opinions of Messrs. BELMONT and TILDEN controlled the Administration, liberty in this country would have been lost and the Union destroyed. Mr. BELMONT's zeal for the Union was well illustrated by the incident which was notorious and repeatedly published at the time, that Lord HARTINGTON flaunted a rebel badge in his house unrebuked by Mr. BELMONT. A Union soldier, not Mr. BELMONT, called the Englishman to account. There can be nothing more inconceivably ludicrous than Mr. BELMONT's coming forward solemnly to assert that Mr. TILDEN was not a Copperhead. Mr. HEWITT, who is not so vulnerable upon this score, we believe, as Mr. BELMONT, had attempted the defense in Congress, and with the most ridiculous results. Mr. MANTON MARBLE, who was the editor of the *World*, in which the letters of "Druid" appeared, and who was one of the first secretaries of Mr. TILDEN's Diffusion of [Copperhead] Knowledge Society, has also volunteered a defense of the war record of Mr. TILDEN. These gentlemen should invite HENRY CLAY DEAN and GEORGE H. PENDLETON and FERNANDO WOOD, as they might have summoned VALLANDIGHAM and CYRUS MASON and LORING ANDREWS and Professor MORSE, to testify, with their political coadjutor, Mr. BELMONT, to the sound and patriotic war record of their other political comrade, Mr. TILDEN.

THE LETTER OF MR. ADAMS.

THE statements of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS's recent letter to a Democratic party club are so extraordinary that, in view of his position, they are almost incredible.

Mr. ADAMS describes the pending canvass as

"a struggle between the people and the managers who hold the official organization of the country for their own exclusive benefit."

In fact, it is a simple struggle between the Republican and the Democratic parties, and to represent the Democratic party as especially the people is, in view of the truth that the great mass of the old Free States are Republican, unworthy of Mr. ADAMS. Even admitting that "the managers" stand for the party, the true statement would be, not that it is a contest between the people and the managers, but between the Republican managers who control and the Democratic managers who wish to control.

Mr. ADAMS says:

"The time has now come for a radical change, and the substitution of a wholly new influence, tied up by no restrictions other than the genuine wishes of honest men of all parties."

How does he propose to secure the genuine wishes of honest men of all parties? By voting for the strict Democratic party candidates. The words are nonsense, unless Mr. ADAMS means to assert that the Democratic party is not in the ordinary sense a party.

Mr. ADAMS states that the reason the Republicans recall the war is only that

"the people of the Southern States choose to vote as they please, without regard to the corrupt combinations of office-holders all over the country, wielded by equally corrupt combinations of legislators at the seat of government, to perpetuate their own power."

Who is it that wishes to prevent any part of the people in the Southern States from voting as they please? It is the Democratic party. Every Southern Democrat will notoriously vote as he chooses. It is only Southern Republicans, white and black, who are threatened if they vote as they choose.

Mr. ADAMS says:

"If the people are wise, they will lay down party, and seize the present opportunity to make a change."

Who says this? A Democratic candidate nominated by a strict Democratic party Convention, and whose nomination was intended to aid a strict party success. And how does he propose that the people shall lay down party? By supporting the Democratic party. By voting for two strict Democratic politicians nominated by a strict Democratic party Convention, one of whom is a notorious dodger on the currency question, and the other of whom seeks to propitiate the inflation vote. Mr. ADAMS proposes that we all lay down party by seizing the opportunity to bring the Democrats into power. He is so convinced of the dishonesty of Mr. JONATHAN WILD that he exhorts the country to secure honesty by electing Mr. RICHARD TURPIN.

If Mr. ADAMS had been nominated by delegates of all parties and of none, he might plausibly have said that the contest was between the people and the politicians, and have claimed that the time had come to secure "the genuine wishes of honest men of all parties." But speaking as a Democratic candidate to a Democratic club, and with the certainty either of Republican or Democratic success, to insist that the election of two old-fashioned Democratic politicians would be a non-partisan triumph is, in view of the very grave consequences of Democratic restoration, an exceedingly untimely joke.

PERSONAL.

JOSEPH WARREN, editor of the Buffalo *Courier*, died at his home in that city, on the evening of the 29th ult., of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of two days. Mr. WARREN was one of the leading men of Western New York, not merely in the politics and management of the Democratic party, but in every movement designed to promote the welfare of Buffalo and the region round about. To his clear head, wise counsel, and well-directed efforts, more than to those of any other man, is Buffalo indebted for her noble asylums, her Normal College, her public buildings, her spacious and beautiful parks, and her Academy of Fine Arts. The *Courier*, in speaking of him, says: "JOSEPH WARREN was born in Waterbury, Vermont, July 24, 1829. His early schooling was that of the district school, and at eighteen he entered the University of Vermont, from which, four years later, he was honorably graduated. From college he came to Albany, in this State, and very soon he made his first essay in journalism as an assistant editor of the *Country Gentleman*. During his life in Albany he also engaged in teaching, and was Professor of Latin and Greek in the Albany Academy. In October, 1854, he came to Buffalo to accept a situation as associate editor of the *Courier*, WILLIAM A. SEAVER being at that time the paper's editor and proprietor. He soon developed here something of the remarkable faculty he possessed alike in journalism and affairs, and in 1857 was elected Superintendent of Schools of Buffalo. This was the only elective or salaried public office he ever sought or accepted." Mr. WARREN was in the highest and best sense a journalist. A thorough classical scholar, his editorials were marked by a grace, clearness, terseness, vigor, and felicity of diction that were recognized by his editorial brethren throughout the country, while his practical business talent and capacity for affairs were attested by his presidency for several years of the State Associated Press, and the confidence that was reposed in his judgment by the leading men of the State. Foremost in every work of public and private beneficence, he was at the same time one of the most widely sought, as he was one of the most entertaining and agreeable, of men—bright, courteous, winning, manly, and with a fund of information and strong common-sense that rendered him delightful as a companion and friend. Besides these rare and excellent qualities, his character was beautifully rounded off by the highest graces of the Christian gentleman.

—Mr. LYONS, of Cleveland, Ohio, has left $40,000 to Vassar College, Poughkeepsie.

—Dr. ANDREWS, the new president of the British Association, is a native of Belfast, and for some time was an assistant of M. DUMAS in Paris. He is known to the scientific world from his demonstration of the continuity of the solid, liquid, and gaseous states of matter, as well as from numerous important discoveries in the fields of science.

—The petty principality of Monaco, whose military and police force consists of ten soldiers and a constable, has a new ruler in Prince ALBERT, a young man of twenty-eight, who served a little time in the Spanish army, but during the German-French war entered the French naval service. Since the close of the war he has lived mainly on his yacht, making frequent ocean excursions.

—Speaking of EUGENE SCHUYLER's book on Turkestan, recently published, the London *Times* pays the following compliment to our young New Yorker: "He will be ranked among the most accomplished of living travelers. Many parts of his book will be found full of interest even by the most exacting of general readers, and as a whole it is incomparably the most valuable record of Central Asia which has yet been published in this country."

—The Earl of Beaconsfield, in a speech delivered on the 20th ult. at the dinner of the Aylesbury farmers, discloses for the first time a little of the inside history of his translation from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. "The late hours of the night," he says, "of the House of Commons, calling for struggle and exertion which in the old days were hours of rapture—*certaminis gaudia*—came to me now at a time when I felt that my energies were diminishing. In these circumstances, therefore, I had in my mind only one course to take, which was, at the beginning of this year, respectfully to inform our gracious sovereign that after the close of this session she must not count upon my humble services in her behalf. I then contemplated that my political career was concluded. In my opinion there were those among my colleagues who would have filled with perfect competence the post which I occupy. But her gracious Majesty was pleased to take a different view of the situation. She desired that I should retain my post, and suggested that I might alleviate its labors by taking a seat in the other House of Parliament. [Cheers.] This I should not have presumed to do had it not been by the unanimous desire of my own colleagues. [Cheers.] But in these circumstances—feeling, as every Englishman does feel, that his duty to his Queen binds him to remain in her service as long as her Majesty thinks that he can serve her with effect—I still occupy the post which you have been good enough to make the subject of a toast. [Cheers.]"

—Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, secretary of legation and consul-general of the United States at Constantinople, whose reports on the Bulgarian massacres have been so highly commended, is a son of Hon. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, Canal Auditor of this State. He is a graduate of Yale, in the class of '59, and was several years secretary of legation at St. Petersburg.

—JAMES LICK, the California millionaire, has just died in San Francisco, at the age of eighty. He was chiefly remarkable for having had the good luck to make some five millions of dollars, mostly by successful operations in real estate, and for having placed over one-half of that sum in the hands of trustees for benevolent purposes. Of this amount, $750,000 was for an immense observatory, $300,000 to found and endow the California School of Mechanical Arts, $250,000 for a group of bronze statuary representing the history of California, $100,000 for an Old Ladies' Home in San Francisco, $150,000 for building and maintaining free baths, $150,000 for a bronze monument to KEY, author of the "Star-spangled Banner," $25,000 in gold to the Protestant Orphan Home of San Francisco, $25,000 in gold to found an Orphan Home in the city of San José, and $10,000 to purchase scientific and mechanical works for the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco. He was an oddity, this old man. One of his freaks was the building of a flour mill at Santa Clara at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, finishing the floors, staircases, and hoppers with mahogany; but he made the best flour in California, and got the highest price. This mill he called "Lick's Folly," and presented it to the Tom Paine Society of Boston, which sold it for $18,000, to the infinite disgust of J. LICK. On the whole, he made a pretty fair use of his grand cash, and California will for all time to come be made the wiser and better for it.

—Mr. TENNYSON has not made many friends among his Sussex neighbors, and though he has numerous visitors during the few months of his annual stay at Haslemere, they are nearly all companions of that charmed circle which is narrowing so fast year after year. But his chief delight is not in communion with his fellows. Rather it is to sit here in this quiet secluded study, surrounded by a few choice books of favorite authors; and when not working at the desk by the window that overlooks the pine glen and the purple down westward, to lounge by the larger one that looks down on the bright blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches and hazels, where the whirring of night-jars sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the gray lines of undulating hills and the streak of silver sea. Whatever he is doing, the eternal pipe is ever ready at hand, and a huge tobacco jar, big enough for an ancestral urn, on the floor beside him. At other times he will wander down to the zigzag pathways that meander in all directions through the tall hazel twigs which hem his house around, where one comes suddenly on a little secluded glade bright with mossy verdure, or a garden laden with odors from a score of pine-trees, or a bigger lawn devoted to the innocent pursuit of croquet or lawn-tennis. Less frequently he may be seen walking through neighboring by-ways, and exciting the curiosity of the village folk by the strangeness of his mien and the eccentricity of his costume. In all his out-of-door excursions he is sure to be accompanied by one or other of his handsome sons, "full-limbed and tall." She the "dear, near, and true," whose sweet faith in him was ever the incentive to greater labor and higher aspirations, is no longer able to be by his side in work; but, invalid as she is, she still finds opportunity for ministernig to the wants of the poor about her gates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE greenback candidate for Governor of Indiana, Mr. Wolcott, has withdrawn in favor of the Republican nominee.

Tweed's fugitive partner in the Tammany Ring frauds—E. A. Woodward—was arrested in Chicago on the 4th inst., and held to await a requisition from Governor Tilden.

The Georgia State election, on the 4th inst., resulted in a Democratic majority. There was virtually no opposition.

The Republicans swept the State of Colorado, on the 3d inst., by a majority of about 1500, electing the Governor, member of Congress, and three-fourths of the Legislature. This is a gain of nearly 4000 on the vote of 1874.

The vote of Vermont for State officers at the late election has been canvassed by the Legislature. For Governor the result was found to be as follows: Horace Fairbanks, Republican, 44,723; W. H. H. Bingham, Democrat, 20,988; scattering, 73; Republican majority, 23,735. In 1872 the vote for Governor was: Republican, 41,946; Democratic, 16,613; Republican majority, 25,333. In 1874 it was: Republican, 33,582; Democratic, 13,257; Republican majority, 20,325.

During the year ending June 30, 1876, the total number of immigrants arriving in the United States was 169,986, of whom 111,786 were males and 58,200 females. For the past five years the following numbers arrived: 1872, 404,806; 1873, 459,803; 1874, 313,339; 1875, 227,498; 1876, 169,986.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Turkish generals have resumed operations, but avoid Alexinatz and Deligrad, and are penetrating north into the eastern countries. This is the result of the Russian proposals to Austria. Sir Henry Elliot, at Constantinople, has been instructed to notify the Porte that unless the English proposals are unreservedly accepted, the British government will withdraw all support to Turkey, and merely guarantee Constantinople against Russian occupation.

Advices from Cape Town, to September 9, report that affairs in the Transvaal Republic were alarming, owing to the defeat of the Dutch troops. The natives had become unmanageable. The Zulu king was about to lead 40,000 men to attack the Transvaal, and threatened a wholesale massacre of the Boers.

A Vienna dispatch to the London *Daily News* says: "The *Frei Presse* hears that Russia and the United States concluded a treaty last August, by which the former cedes the port of Okhotsk, in Siberia, and adjacent territory on the sea-shore, in exchange for iron-clads and the sum of 16,000,000 rubles, and that a Russian crew has already left for America."

The *Imparcial* and *Correspondencia*, of Madrid, state that some representative Protestants have consulted Señor Alonzo Martinez, a former Minister of Justice, concerning the interpretation of the toleration clause of the Spanish Constitution, and he has given an opinion favorable to the Protestant view.

"The negroes of the South are free—free as air," says the parliamentary Watterson. This is what the *State*, a well-known Democratic organ of Tennessee, says, in huge capitals, on the subject: "Let it be known before the election that the farmers have agreed to spot every leading Radical negro in the county, and treat him as an enemy for all time to come. The rotten ring must and shall be broken at any and all costs. The Democrats have determined to withdraw all employment from their enemies. Let this fact be known."

"OF COURSE HE WANTS TO VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET!"

Democratic "Reformer." "You're as free as air, ain't you? Say you are, or I'll blow yer black head off!"

THE CENTENNIAL—THE WINES OF THE RHINE, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 853.]

MARIGOLD.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

HOMELY, forgotten flower,
Under the rose's bower,
Plain as a weed,
Thou, the half-summer long,
Waitest and waxest strong,
Even as waits a song
Till men shall heed.

Then, when the lilies die,
And the carnations lie
In spicy death,
Over thy bushy sprays
Burst with a sudden blaze
Stars of the August days,
With Autumn's breath.

Fain would the calyx hold;
But splits, and half the gold
Spills lavishly:
Frost, that the rose appalls,
Wastes not thy coronals,
Till Summer's lustre falls
And fades in thee.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRUEL RIVER.

MRS. SINCLAIR'S precautions had been in no wise futile. Mr. Paulton pronounced that Martha's symptoms pointed only too plainly to some kind of fever—possibly scarlet fever—possibly typhoid. In any case there could not be too much care taken to guard against contagion. The villa was airy and spacious, and Mrs. Sinclair's dressing-room at some distance from the nursery. There would be no necessity, therefore, Mr. Paulton said, for the removal of the child to another house. He would send a nursing Sister from Baden—an experienced woman—to whose care the sick-room would be safely confided.

The Sister came—a middle-aged woman—in the sombre garb of her order, but with a pleasant, cheerful face, that well became her snow-white head-gear. She showed herself kind and dextrous in nursing the sick girl, but before she had been three days in the house, Martha, who was now in a raging fever, took a dislike to the nurse, and raved wildly about this black-robed figure at her bedside. In vain did the Sister endeavor to re-assure her. To the girl's wandering wits that foreign tongue seemed like the gibberish of some unholy goblin. She shrieked for help, and Mrs. Sinclair ran in from the adjoining room to see what was amiss. Martha was calmed and comforted immediately by the sight of her mistress; and from that time Constance devoted herself to the sick-room, and shared the nurse's watch.

This meant separation from Christabel, and that was a hard trial for the mother, who had never yet lived a day apart from her child; but Constance bore this bravely for the sake of the faithful girl—too thankful that her darling had escaped the fever which had so strangely stricken the nurse. The weather continued glorious, and baby seemed quite happy with Melanie, who roamed about with her charge all day, or went for long drives in the pony-carriage under the care of the faithful Dawson, who was a pattern of sobriety and steadiness, and incapable of flirtation.

Mr. Wyatt rode over from Baden every other day to inquire about the nurse's progress—an inquiry which he might just as easily have made of the doctor in Baden—and this exhibition of good feeling on his part induced Constance to think that she had been mistaken in her estimate of his character.

"The Gospel says 'judge not,'" she thought, "and yet we are always sitting in judgment upon one another. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Wyatt is as kind-hearted as his admirers think him, and I have done wrong in being prejudiced against him. He was Cyprian's friend too, and always speaks of him with particular affection."

Constance remembered that scene in the morning-room at Davenant. It was one of those unpleasant memories which do not grow fainter with the passage of years. She had been inclined to suspect James Wyatt of a malicious intention in his sudden announcement of Sir Cyprian's death—the wish to let her husband see how strong a hold her first love still had upon her heart. He, who had been Cyprian Davenant's friend and confidant, was likely to have known something of that early attachment, or at least to have formed a shrewd guess at the truth.

"Perhaps I have suspected him wrongly in that affair," Constance thought, now that she was disposed to think more kindly of Mr. Wyatt. "His mention of Sir Cyprian might have been purely accidental."

Four or five times in every day Melanie Duport brought the baby Christabel to the grass-plot under the window of Mrs. Sinclair's bedroom, and there were tender greetings between mother and child, baby struggling in nurse's grasp, and holding up her chubby arms as if she would fain have embraced her mother even at that distance. These interviews were a sorry substitute for the long happy hours of closest companionship which mother and child had enjoyed at Schönesthal, but Constance bore the trial bravely. The patient was going on wonderfully well, Mr. Paulton said; the violence of the fever was considerably abated. It had proved a light attack of scarlet fever, and not typhoid, as the doctor had feared it might have proved. In a week the patient would most likely be on the high-road to recovery, and then Mrs. Sinclair could leave her entirely to the Sister's care, since poor Martha was now restored to her right mind, and was quite reconciled to that trustworthy attendant.

"And then," said Mr. Paulton, "I shall send you to Baden for a few days, before you go back to baby, and you must put aside all clothes that you have worn in the sick-room, and I think we shall escape all risk of infection."

This was a good hearing. Constance languished for the happy hour when she should be able to clasp that rosy babbling child to her breast once more. Mademoiselle Duport had been a marvel of goodness throughout this anxious time.

"I shall never forget how good and thoughtful you have been, Melanie," said Constance, from her window, as the French girl stood in the garden below, holding baby up to be adored before setting out for her morning ramble.

"But it is a pleasure to serve madame," shrieked Melanie, in her shrill treble.

"Monsieur returns this evening," said Constance, who had just received a hurried scrawl from Gilbert, naming the hour of his arrival; "you must take care that Christabel looks her prettiest."

"Ah, but she is always ravishingly pretty. If she were only a boy, monsieur would idolize her."

"Where are you going this morning, Melanie?"

"To the ruined Castle on the hill."

"Do you think that is a safe place for baby?"

"What could there be safer? What peril can madame foresee?"

"No," said Constance, with a sigh. "I suppose she is as safe there as any where else, but I am always uneasy when she is away from me."

"But madame's love for this little one is a passion!"

Melanie departed with her charge, and Constance went back to the sick-room to attend to her patient while the Sister enjoyed a few hours of comfortable sleep.

One o'clock was Christabel's dinner-time, and Christabel's dinner was a business of no small importance in the mother's mind. One o'clock came, and there was no sign of Melanie and her charge, a curious thing, as Melanie was methodical and punctual to a praiseworthy degree, and was provided with a neat little silver watch to keep her acquainted with the time.

Two o'clock struck, and still no Melanie. Constance began to grow uneasy, and sent scouts to look for the nurse and child. But when three o'clock came and baby had not yet appeared, Constance became seriously alarmed, and put on her hat hastily, and went out to search for the missing nurse. She would not listen to the servants who had just returned from their fruitless quest, and who begged her to let them go in fresh directions while she waited the result at home.

"No," she said, "I could not rest. I must go myself. Send to the police, any one, the proper authorities. Tell them my child is lost. Let them send in every direction. You have been to the ruins?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And there was no one there? You could hear nothing?"

"No, ma'am," answered Dawson the groom; "the place was quite lonesome. There was nothing but grasshoppers chirping."

"The river!" thought Constance, white with horror; "the ruins are only a little way from the river."

She ran along the romantic pathway which followed the river-bank for about half a mile, and there ascended the steep hill on the slope of which stood the battered old shell which had once been a feudal castle, with dungeons beneath its stately halls, and a deep and secret well for the safe putting away of troublesome enemies. Very peaceful looked the old ruins on this balmy September day, in the mellow afternoon sunshine, solitary, silent, deserted. There was no trace of nurse or child in the grassy court or on the crumbling old rampart. Yes, just where the rampart looked down upon the river, just at that point where the short sunburned grass sloped steepest, Constance Sinclair found a token of her child's presence, a toy dog, white, fleecy, and deliciously untrue to nature—an animal whose shapeless beauty had been the baby Christabel's delight.

Constance gave a little cry of joy.

"They have been here, they are somewhere near," she thought, and then, suddenly, in the sweet summer stillness the peril of this particular spot struck her—that steep descent—the sunburned sward, slippery as glass—the deep, swift current below—the utter loneliness of the scene—no help at hand.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "the river, the river!"

She looked round her with wild, beseeching eyes, as if she would have asked all nature to help her in this great agony. There was no one within sight. The nearest house was a cottage on the bank of the river, about a hundred yards from the bottom of the slope. A narrow footpath at the other end of the rampart led to the bank, and by this path Constance hurried down to make inquiries at the cottage.

The door was standing open, and there was a noise of several voices within. Some one was lying on a bed in a corner, and a group of peasant women were round her ejaculating compassionately.

"Das arme mädchen. Ach, Himmel! Was gibt es?" and a good deal more of a spasmodic and sympathetic nature. A woman's garments, dripping wet, were hanging in front of the stove, beside which sat an elderly vine-dresser with stolid countenance smoking his pipe.

Constance Sinclair put the women aside and made her way to the bed. It was Melanie who lay there wrapped in a blanket, sobbing hysterically.

"Melanie, where is my child?"

The girl shrieked and turned her face to the wall.

"She risked her life to save it," said the man in German. "The current is very rapid under the old Schloss. She plunged in after the baby. I found her in the water, clinging to the branch of a willow. If I had been a little later she would have been drowned."

"And the child—my child?"

"Ach, mein Gott!" exclaimed the man, with a shrug. "No one has seen the poor child. No one knows."

"My child is drowned!"

"Liebe Frau," said one of the women, "the current is strong. The little one was at play on the rampart. Its foot slipped, and it rolled down the hill into the water. This good girl ran down after it, and jumped into the water. My husband found her there. She tried to save the child, she could do no more. But the current was too strong. Dear lady, be comforted. The good God will help you."

"No, God is cruel," cried Constance. "I will never serve Him or believe in Him any more."

And with this blasphemy, wrung from her tortured heart, a great wave of blood seemed to rush over Constance Sinclair's brain, and she fell senseless on the stone floor.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTING OVER IT.

BABY CHRISTABEL was drowned. Of that fact there could be no shadow of doubt in the minds of those who had loved her, although the sullen stream which had swallowed her lovely form refused to give it back. Perchance the Lurleys had taken her for their playfellow, and transformed her mortal beauty into something rich and strange.

Anyhow, the nets which dragged the river-bed did not bring up the golden hair, or the sad drowned eyes that had once danced with joyous life. And if any thing could add to Constance Sinclair's grief it was this last drop of bitterness—the knowledge that her child would never rest in hallowed ground, that there was no quiet grave on which to lay her aching head and feel nearer her darling, no spot of earth to which she could press her lips and fancy she could be heard by the little one lying in her pure shroud below, asleep on Mother Earth's calm breast.

No, her little one was driven by winds and waves, and had no resting-place under the weary stars.

Melanie Duport, when she recovered from the horror of that one dreadful day, told her story clearly enough. It was the same story she had told the peasant woman whose husband rescued her. Baby Christabel was playing on the rampart, Melanie holding her securely, as she believed, when the little one, attracted by the flight of a butterfly, made a sudden spring—alas! madame knew how strong and active the dear angel was, and how difficult it was to hold her sometimes—and slipped out of Melanie's arms on to the rampart, and from the rampart—which was very low just there, as madame might have observed—on to the grass, and rolled and rolled down to the river. It was all quick as thought; one moment and that angel's white frock was floating on the stream. Melanie tore down, she knew not how; it was as if Heaven had given her wings in that moment. The white frock was still floating. Melanie plunged into the river; ah! but what was her life at such a time?—a nothing. Alas! she tried to grasp the frock, but the stream swept it from her; an instant, and one saw it no more. She felt herself sinking, and then she fainted. She knew nothing till she woke in the cottage where madame found her.

Melanie was a heroine in a small way after this sad event. The villagers thought her a wonderful young person. Her master rewarded her handsomely, and promised to retain her in his service till she should choose to marry. Her mistress was as grateful as despair can be for any service.

The light of Constance Sinclair's life had gone. Her one source of joy was turned to a fountain of bitterness. A dull and blank despair took possession of her. She did not succumb utterly to her grief. She struggled against it bravely, and she would accept no one's compassion or sympathy. One of her married sisters, a comfortable matron with half a dozen healthy children in her nursery, offered to come and stay with Mrs. Sinclair; but this kindly offer was refused almost uncivilly.

"What good could you do me?" asked Constance. "If you spoke to me of my darling I should hate you, yet I should always be thinking of her. Do you suppose you could comfort me by telling about your herd of children, or by repeating little bits of Scripture, such as people quote in letters of condolence? No; there is no such thing as comfort for *my* grief. I like to sit alone and think of my pet, and be wretched in my own way. Don't be angry with me, dear, for writing so savagely. I sometimes feel as if I hated every one in the world, but happy mothers most of all."

Gilbert Sinclair endured the loss of his little girl with a certain amount of philosophy. In the first place she was not a boy, and had offended him *ab initio* by that demerit. She had been a pretty little darling, no doubt, and he had had his moments of fondness for her; but his wife's idolatry of the child was an offense that had rankled deep. He had been jealous of his infant daughter. He put on mourning, and expressed himself deeply afflicted, but his burden did not press heavily. A boy would come, perhaps, by-and-by, and make amends for this present loss, and Constance would begin her baby worship again.

Mr. Sinclair did not know that for some hearts there is no beginning again.

Martha Briggs recovered health and strength, but her grief for the lost baby was very genuine and unmistakable. Constance offered to keep her in her service, but this favor Martha declined with tears.

"No, ma'am, it's best for both that we should part. I should remind you of"—here a burst of sobs supplied the missing name—"and you'd remind me. I'll go home. I'm more grateful than words can say for all your goodness; but, oh, I hate myself so for being ill. I never, never shall forgive myself—never."

So Martha went back to Davenant in her mistress's train, and there parted with her to return to the paternal roof, which was not very far off. It was not so with Melanie. She only clung to her mistress more devotedly after the loss of the baby. If her dear lady would but let her remain with her as her own maid, she would be beyond measure happy. Was not hair-dressing the art in which she most delighted, and millinery the natural bent of her mind? Gilbert said the girl had acted nobly, and ought to be retained in his wife's service; so Constance, whose Abigail had lately left her to better herself by marriage with an aspiring butler, consented to keep Melanie as her personal attendant. She did this, believing with Gilbert that the girl deserved recompense; but Melanie's presence was full of painful associations, and kept the bitter memory of her lost child continually before her.

Constance went back to Davenant, and life flowed on in its slow and sullen course somehow without Baby Christabel. The two rooms that had been nurseries—two of the prettiest rooms in the big old house, with French windows and a wide balcony, with a flight of steps leading down to the quaintest old garden, shut in from the rest of the grounds by a holly hedge—now became temples dedicated to the lost. In these rooms Constance spent all the time she could call her own. But the business of life still went on, and there was a great deal of time she could not call her own. Gilbert, having dismissed the memory of his lost child to the limbo of unpleasant recollections, resented his wife's brooding grief as a personal injury, and was determined to give that sullen sorrow no indulgence. When the hunting season was at its best, and pheasant-shooting made one of the attractions of Davenant, Mr. Sinclair determined to fill his house with his own particular set—horsy men—men who gave their minds to guns and dogs, and rarely opened their mouths for speech except to relate some anecdote about an accomplished setter, or "that liver-colored pointer of mine, you know," or to dilate upon the noble behavior of "that central fire Lancaster of mine" in yesterday's battue—men who devoted their nights and days to billiards, and whose conversation was of breaks and flukes, pockets and cannons.

"You'd better ask some women, Constance," said Gilbert, one Sunday morning in November, as they sat at their *tête-à-tête* breakfast, the wife reading her budget of letters, the husband with the *Field* propped up in front of his coffee-cup, and the *Sporting Gazette* at his elbow. "I've got a lot of men coming next week, and you might feel yourself *de trop* in a masculine party."

"Have you asked people, Gilbert, so soon?" said Constance, reproachfully.

"I don't know what you call soon. The pheasants are as wild as they can be, and Lord Highover's hounds have been out nearly a month. You'd better ask some nice young women—the right sort, you know; no nonsense about them."

"I thought we should have spent this winter quietly, Gilbert," said Constance, in a low voice, looking down at her black dress with its deep folds of crape; "just this one winter."

"That's sheer sentimentality," exclaimed Gilbert, giving the *Field* an impatient twist as he folded it to get at his favorite column. "What good would it do you or me to shut ourselves up in this dismal old house like a pair of superannuated owls? Would it bring back the poor little thing we've lost, or make her happier in paradise? No, Constance. She's happy. 'Nothing can touch her more,' as Milton, or somebody, says. Egad, I think the poor little darling is to be envied for having escaped all the troubles and worries of life; for life at best is a bad book; you can't hedge every thing. Don't cry, Constance. That long face of yours is enough to send a fellow into an untimely grave. Let us get a lot of pleasant people round us, and make the most of this place while it's ours. We mayn't have it always."

This sinister remark fell upon an unheeding ear. Constance Sinclair's thoughts had wandered far away from that oak-paneled breakfast-room. They had gone back to the sunny hill-side, the grassy rampart, the swift and fatal river, the bright landscape which had stamped itself upon her memory indelibly, in the one agonized moment in which she had divined her darling's fate.

"Gilbert, I really am not fit to receive people," she said, after a silence of some minutes, during which Mr. Sinclair had amused himself by sundry adventurous dips of his fork, like an old Jewish priest's dive into the sacred seething-pot, into the crockery case of a Perigord pie. "If you have set your heart upon having your friends this winter you had better let me go away, to Hastings or somewhere. It would be pleasanter for you to be free from the sight of my unhappiness."

"Yes, and for you to find consolation elsewhere, no doubt. You would pretty soon find a consoler if I gave you your liberty."

"Gilbert!"

"Oh, don't think to frighten me with your indignant looks. I have not forgotten the scene in this room when you heard of your old lover's

supposed death. Sir Cyprian Davenant is in London, in high feather too, I understand; for some ancient relation of his has been obliging enough to die and leave him another fortune. A pity you didn't wait a little longer, isn't it? A pity your father should have been in such a hurry to make his last matrimonial bargain."

"Gilbert!" cried Constance, passionately, "what have I ever done that you should dare to talk to me like this? How have I ever failed in my duty to you?"

"Shall I tell you? I won't say that, having accepted me for your husband, you ought to have loved me. That would be asking too much. The ethics of the nineteenth century don't soar so high as that. But you might have pretended to care for me just a little. It would have been only civil, and it would have made the wheels of life go smoother for both of us."

"I am not capable of pretending, Gilbert," answered Constance, gravely. "If you would only be a little more considerate, and give me credit for being what I am, your true and dutiful wife, I might give you as much affection as the most exacting husband could desire. I would, Gilbert," she cried, in a voice choked by sobs, "for the sake of our dead child."

"Don't humbug," said Gilbert, sulkily. "We ought to understand each other by this time. As for running away from this house, or any other house of mine, to mope in solitude, or to find consolation among old friends, please comprehend that if you leave my house once you leave it forever. I shall expect to see you at the head of my table. I shall expect you to surround yourself with pretty women. I shall expect you to be a wife that a fellow may be proud of."

"I shall do my best to oblige you, Gilbert; but perhaps I might have been a better wife if you had let me take life my own way."

From that time Constance Sinclair put aside all outward token of her grief. She wrote to the gayest and most pleasure-loving of her acquaintances—young married women, whose chief delight was to dress more expensively than their dearest friends, and to be seen at three parties on the same evening, and a few who were still spinsters, from no fault or foolishness of their own, since they had neglected neither pains nor art in the endeavor to secure an eligible partner for the dance of life. To these Constance wrote her letters of invitation, and the first sentence in each letter was sufficient to insure an acceptance.

"DEAREST IDA,—My husband is filling the house with men for the hunting season. Do come, and save me from being bored to death by their sporting talk. Be sure you bring your hunting-habit. Gilbert can give you a good mount," etc., etc.

Whereupon dearest Ida, twisting about the little note, meditatively remarked to her last bosom-friend and confidante, "Odd that they should ask people so soon after the death of Mrs. Sinclair's baby—drowned too—it was in all the papers. Davenant is a sweet house to stay at, quite liberty hall. Yes, I think I shall go, and if there are plenty of people I can finish out my ball dresses in the evenings."

Before another Sunday came Davenant was full of people, the attics noisy with strange lady's-maids, the stables and harness rooms full of life and bustle, not an empty stall or an unoccupied loose box in the long range of buildings, the billiard-room and smoking-room resonant with masculine laughter, unknown dogs pervading the out-buildings, and chained up in every available corner.

Constance Sinclair had put away her sombre robes of crape and cashmere, and met her friends with welcoming smiles, radiant in black silk and lace, her graceful figure set off by the latest Parisian fashion, which, being the newest, was, of course, infinitely the best.

"I thought she would have been in deeper mourning," said one of Mrs. Sinclair's dearest friends to another during a whispered chat in a dusky corner at afternoon tea. "The men were so noisy with their haw-haw talk, one could say what one liked," remarked Mrs. Millamount afterward to Lady Loveall.

"Looks rather heartless, doesn't it?—an only child too. She might at least wear paramatta instead of that black silk—not even a mourning silk. I suppose that black net trimmed with jet she wore last night was from Worth."

"My dear, you couldn't have looked at it properly. Worth wouldn't have made her such a thing if she had gone down on her knees to him. The sleeve was positively antediluvian. Nice house, isn't it?—every thing good style. What matches all these Clanyardes have made!"

"Is it true that she was engaged to Sir Cyprian Davenant?"

"They say so. How sorry she must be! He has just come into quite a heap of money. Some old man down in the Lincolnshire fens left it him—quite a character, I believe. Never spent any thing except on black-letter books, and those have been sold for a fortune at Sotheby's. Ah, Mr. Wyatt, how d'ye do?" as the solicitor, newly arrived that afternoon, threaded his way toward the quiet corner; "do come and sit here. You always know every thing. Is it true that Sir Cyprian Davenant has come into a fortune?"

"Nothing can be more true, unless it is that Mrs. Millamount looks younger and lovelier every season."

"You horrid flatterer. You are worse than a French milliner. And is it true that Mrs. Sinclair and Sir Cyprian were engaged? But no, it would be hardly fair to ask you about that. You are a friend of the family."

"As a friend of the family I am bound to inform you that rumor is false on that point. There was no engagement."

"Really, now?"

"But Sir Cyprian was madly in love with Miss Clanyarde."

"And she—"

"I was not in the lady's confidence; but I believe that it was only my friend's poverty which prevented their marriage."

"How horridly mercenary!" cried Mrs. Millamount, who came of an ancient Irish family, proud as Lucifer and poor as Lazarus, and had been sacrificed in the blossom of her days, like Iphigenia, to raise the wind—not to Diana, but to a rich stock-broker. Perhaps as that was a long time ago she may have forgotten how much more Plutus had had to do with her marriage than Cupid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

F. CHABAS is the author of a pamphlet upon the use of the baton among the ancient Egyptians and the Jews. All nations of the East have considered the baton not only a staff and a weapon, but a badge of authority. The same might be said of Western peoples, whose antiquities are not so well known. The author examines into the use of the baton among these ancient nations, and gives abundant references to authorities.

In Vol. XII. of the *Annales* (*Mémoires*) of the Paris Observatory, LEVERRIER has given his newly completed tables of Jupiter and Saturn. The tables of Jupiter represent exactly the Paris and Greenwich observations for more than 120 years. Those of Saturn presented in their first form some slight deviations, which LEVERRIER attributed to constant errors in the transit observations themselves, due to the effect of the varying aspect of the ring. Corrections have, however, been introduced into the tables in their final form, and they now agree satisfactorily with observation. The theories of Neptune and Uranus are equally complete, and the comparison with observation is in an advanced state. LEVERRIER's work upon planetary motions, followed assiduously for thirty-five years, is thus almost terminated, and it comprises no less than complete theories and tables of all the major planets.

We not long since made a brief announcement of the death of the eminent microscopist Professor C. G. EHRENBERG, of Berlin, on the 27th of June, in the eighty-first year of his age, and we now add the promised particulars in regard to the life of this distinguished naturalist. EHRENBERG was born at Delitzsch, in Prussian Saxony, in April, 1795, and at an early period exhibited a strong taste for the natural sciences, abandoning the theological class at Leipsic in 1815 for that of medicine. In 1818 he commenced the practice of medicine, but microscopical studies soon engaged his attention. In 1820, by the aid of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, he accompanied HEMPRICH in a scientific expedition into Egypt, the results of which were published in the Transactions of the Academy. HEMPRICH died in Abyssinia, and EHRENBERG returned to Berlin in 1826.

In 1829 he accompanied HUMBOLDT and GUSTAV ROSE in their travels to the Ural and Altaï. In 1838 the publication of his work on infusoria as delicate organisms marked an era in natural history. This was followed by his second great work, in 1854, entitled *Micro-Geology*, in which he shows that the microscopic skeletons and shells of the lower animals constitute entire strata of the earth's surface.

He also made a specialty of the examination of deep-sea soundings and of the ocean bottom, specimens being sent to him from all parts of the world for the purpose. The number of new species of these minute organisms described by him is scarcely to be reckoned.

Since 1868, at which time he celebrated his doctor's jubilee, he has been obliged to abandon all work, especially after having a cataract form in one eye, and which, although removed by the eminent oculist VON GRAEFE, still troubled him to some extent. He became seriously ill only in the beginning of the year 1876. As might have been expected, Professor EHRENBERG was a recipient of numerous honors in the way of membership in learned societies, decorations, etc. He was secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin from 1842 to 1867, and a member of the Royal Society of London, and one of the eight foreign associates of the Academy of Science of Paris.

The King of Siam, at the suggestion of one of our naval officers, requested Mr. CHANDLER, at the time an American citizen residing at Bangkok, to prepare at his expense such a display as would do justice to his kingdom at the Philadelphia International Exhibition of 1876, and a very complete series of articles was accordingly brought together for the purpose. Owing to some difficulty, however, with the United States consul at Bang-kok, Mr. CHANDLER was arrested and imprisoned for a time, and the exhibit detained for a number of months. It has, however, reached San Francisco some time ago, and is now on its way to Philadelphia. The collection occupies 218 cases, with a bulk of nearly 1200 cubic feet. The entire exhibit has been presented by the king to the United States, and will doubtless in time occupy a conspicuous place in the National Museum at Washington.

Part Five of the second series of the great work in quarto upon the butterflies of America, with colored drawings and descriptions, has just been published by Mr. EDWARDS, through HURD & HOUGHTON, New York, and sustains the reputation of its predecessors by the artistic elegance and superiority of its illustrations. These consist of five plates, executed by Miss PEART in her best style, giving, for the most part, not only the different sexes and varieties of the adult insects, but likewise the eggs, larvæ, and chrysalides, and the favorite plants upon which they feed. No new species are represented, although several of those included are of great rarity.

From all accounts, the jetty works at the South Pass of the Mississippi, to which we have made frequent allusions, are being vigorously pushed forward, and with much prospect of ultimate success. In connection, however, with this topic, it is well to add that this opinion is not universally shared by engineers. Before the recent adjournment of the Senate, a letter was laid before that body from the chief of engineers, remonstrating against the proposed amendment to the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill limiting the availability of the appropriation for the improvement of the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River. This remonstrance of the chief is equivalent to the expression of the opinion that, so long as the success of the jetty works at the South Pass is at all problematical, it will be inexpedient for the government to discontinue the dredging operations that have been for some time carried on by the United States engineers at the Southwest Pass.

Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW pronounces the Lake Huron and Ontario ship-canal feasible. If constructed, this canal would save from 300 to 400 miles from Chicago to points on Lake Ontario, and much dangerous navigation.

A commission of United States engineers has been in session in St. Louis, convened by order of the Chief of Engineers, for the purpose of inquiring into "the expediency of causing sheer-booms to be placed on the upper end of all or any bridge piers on the Mississippi River, for the better security and convenience of navigation for rafts and timber." A special report upon each case will be made. The inquiry will include all the bridges from St. Louis to St. Paul.

The Ohio State Archæological Association some time ago invited an international meeting of archæologists to assemble at the Centennial grounds on the 4th of September, on which date a considerable number of persons interested in the subject came together and organized a national anthropological society. The attendants brought with them some extremely choice specimens of archæology, and a number of important papers were communicated. Among the special attractions of the International Exhibition is a very large collection of ethnological objects, exhibited by the Smithsonian Institution, the Ohio State Archæological Society, the Geological Survey of Kentucky, the Historical Society of Wisconsin, etc.

The annual report of the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey for the year 1873 has been lately distributed. Among the scientific articles published as appendices, we notice a list of stars, forming a complete catalogue for determinations of latitudes by the method of zenith distances. The magnitudes of the stars are as given by the photometric observations of Mr. C. S. PEIRCE.

The magnetic observations at Washington by Mr. SCHOTT, and the special discussions made by him of observations elsewhere, are continued as in the reports of former years.

"GATHERING SEA-WEED."

THE gathering of certain kinds of sea-weed for use in the manufacture of kelp was in former times a very profitable industry along the coast of Scotland, but the substitution of soda has for several years put an end to it for this purpose. Sea-weed makes, however, an excellent fertilizer, and farmers who live near the coast, in all countries, are accustomed to cast it upon their lands. Our engraving on page 856, from a painting by J. MACWHIRTER, represents two Scotch farmers engaged in this labor. A heavy storm has cast immense quantities of sea-weed upon the shore, and they have hastened to secure the spoil left by the receding tide.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER, 1876.

Sunday, 22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Wednesday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 5.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

SEVEN thousand persons were present at Mr. MOODY's first service in Chicago on Sunday morning, October 1, as early as eight o'clock in the morning. Dr. GOODWIN, of the First Congregational Church, led in prayer. Mr. MOODY preached a characteristic sermon from the text, "Jesus said, Take ye away the stone." His topic was the duty of Christians to rid themselves of whatever unfitted them for usefulness. In the afternoon, the overflow of the congregation was large enough to fill many churches, if they had been available. Mr. MOODY preached with great effect from, "He that reapeth receiveth wages." An overflow meeting was also held in Farwell Hall, opposite. It is stated that simultaneous meetings will be held in many cities of the West by Messrs. WHITTLE, BLISS, and other evangelists. Mr. THOMAS K. CREE, of the International Young Men's Christian Association, is the organizer of much of this work.

The building in which Mr. MOODY is now preaching stands in an open space on Monroe Street. The main floor is seated with 4500 chairs. A gallery forty feet deep runs around three sides of the hall, and is seated with 2900 chairs. The platform accommodates a choir of 300 singers, and has seats also for 300 ministers. Mr. SANKEY's singing is described as being as effective as ever.

A proposal is discussed by the Lutherans of the country to make the 31st day of October the Lutheran day at the Centennial Exposition. On the 31st of October, 1517, MARTIN LUTHER nailed his Ninety-five Theses on the door of the church at Wittenberg. The day is therefore one of the great Protestant anniversary days. An assembly at 12 M. or 4 P.M. is suggested, with addresses in English and German. Whatever helps to keep the American people in mind of the close connection between the Protestant Reformation and the American Revolution can not be otherwise than salutary. We are the children of Protestantism. The English Revolution of 1688 and our own of 1776 are but the political developments of the truths which stirred the soul of LUTHER when by nailing his theses to the door of the Wittenberg church he challenged the world.

Bishop POTTER, at the Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, made an excellent suggestion. It was that the canons be modified so as to direct that no church be used before it is free from debt. He was of opinion that the canons should forbid that religious services be held in any church till it is paid for. The bishop called attention to the importance of carrying forward the project of a Protestant Episcopal cathedral in this city.

The secretaries of the London Sunday-school Union have recommended that Sunday and Monday, October 22 and 23, be observed as days of prayer for Sunday-schools throughout the Christian world. Although formal action has not been taken extensively, it is probable that the recommendation will be generally adopted.

The Englishmen who have been compelled by the Spanish government to remove all visible signs of Protestant worship in the towns and cities of Spain are not disposed to submit in silence. It appears that the unwelcome order was issued at the time when both the English and German embassadors were absent from Madrid. On September 4 notice was served at the dépôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at several chapels, and at the Irish Presbyterian and American Baptist churches in the capital. The pastors in charge were required to remove all their sign-boards and placards by sundown. In two cases a delay of three days was subsequently conceded. It is a matter of remark that up to September 4 the German Mission in Madrid had not been disturbed. It is due to the Spanish opposition papers to state that they criticise severely the proceedings of the government. In answer to a letter from a Protestant missionary in Spain, the English Foreign Office announces that the matter is under Lord DERBY's consideration, and "forms the subject of correspondence with her Majesty's minister at Madrid." The German government has, it is said, promptly protested against this exhibition of Spanish intolerance.

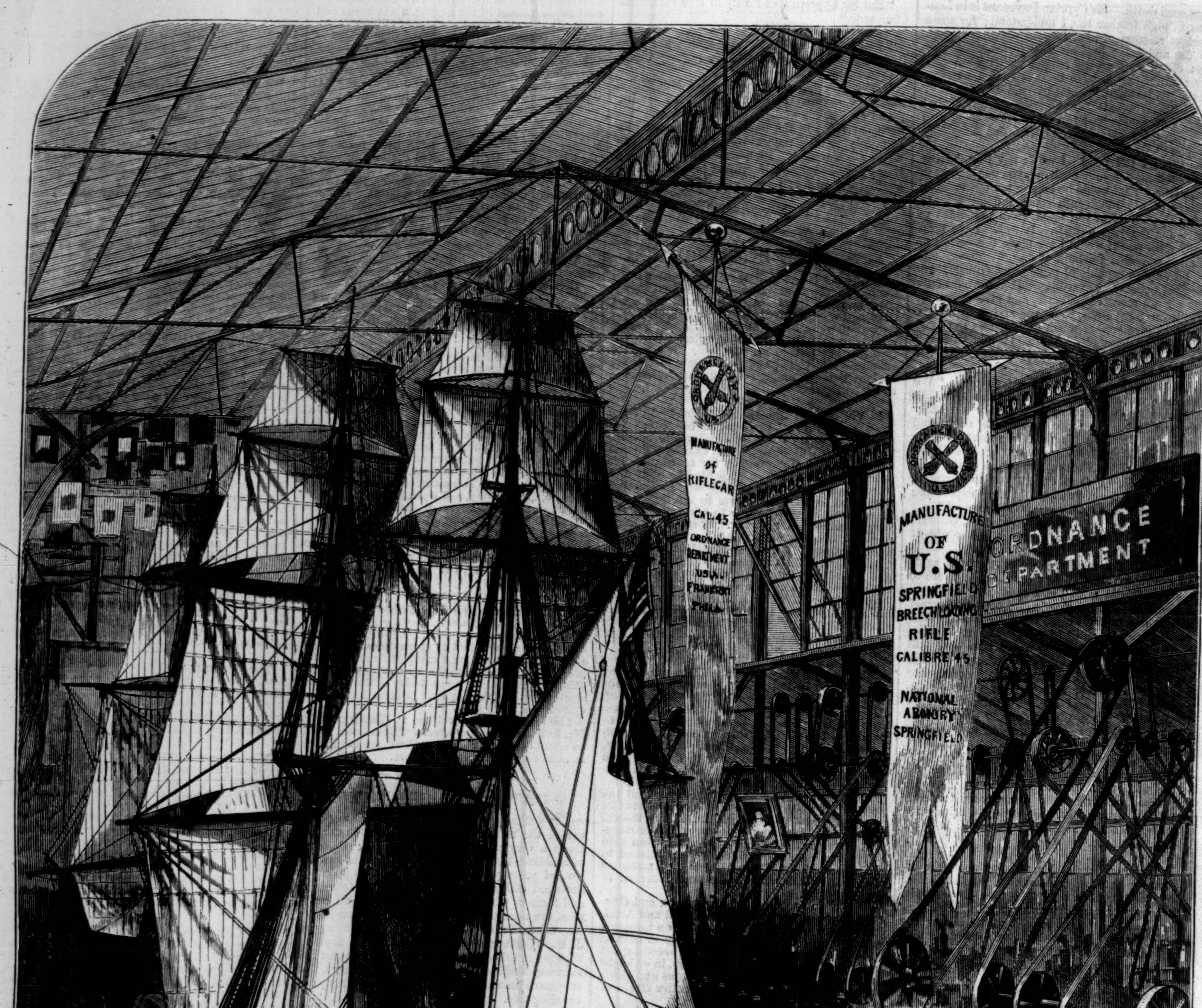
The Union Gospel Meetings which it is intended to hold during this season in Chickering Hall, New York, were opened on Sunday, October 1, with a large audience present. Services were conducted both morning and afternoon, by the Rev. Drs. COLCORD and TALMAGE.

Much regret will be caused by the announcement of the death by yellow fever of the Rev. Dr. E. H. MYERS, one of the Southern members of the joint commission which so successfully settled the long-standing differences between the Northern and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches. He was spending a few days with friends in New York, when, learning of the spread of the yellow fever in Savannah, he hastened home to minister to the people who were under his pastoral care. His death under such circumstances, at the post of duty, was a fitting close of an honorable and useful life.

The City Mission of New York, the leading organization of the kind in the country, whose secretary, Mr. LEWIS E. JACKSON, is the author of the valuable annual entitled *Christian Work*, has reached the fiftieth year of its history, and will celebrate its semi-centennial with appropriate services in December. This society has expended in missionary operations an average of $20,000 per year for the whole period of its existence. The average for the last ten years has been nearly $50,000, besides a special expenditure of $100,000 in building mission chapels and churches. Five chapels have been established, with many auxiliary stations, a Home for Christian Workers has been opened, and many other useful agencies have been set in operation.

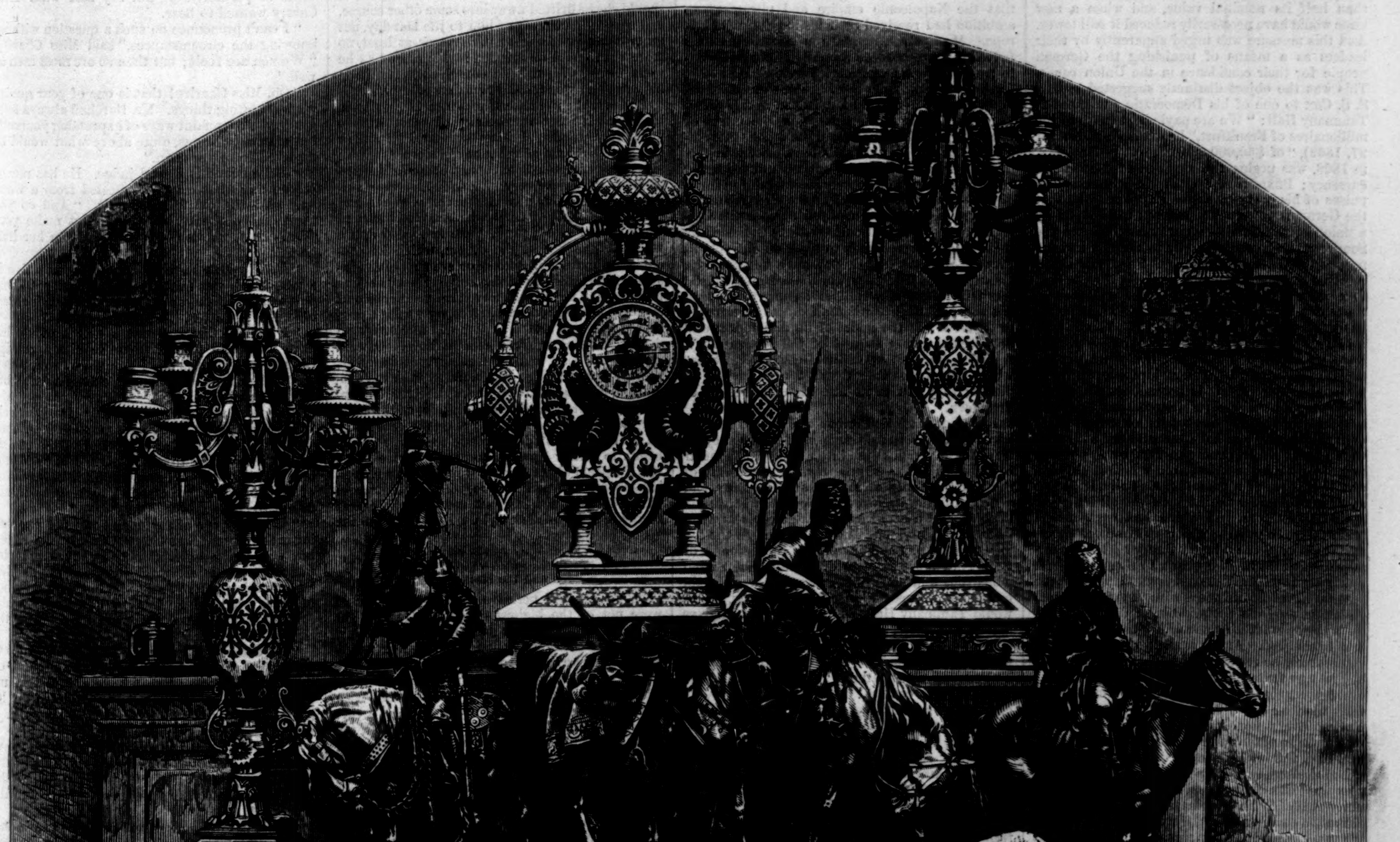
One of the most useful chapels of the city is that known as Carmel Chapel, located in No. 134 Bowery, near Grand Street, where the City Mission and the Young Men's Christian Association labor in conjunction for the welfare of the unfortunate men who, friendless and homeless, are continually drifting through the streets of the great city. During the year 3000 different men are reached and benefited, in one way and another, through the beneficent agencies of this chapel. It is hoped that this semi-centennial year of the City Mission will witness such liberal gifts to its work as will insure the permanent establishment of Carmel Chapel in new and more commodious quarters.

In connection with the question of the observance of the Christian Sabbath, which was so actively discussed in our country at the time of the opening of the Centennial Exposition, the resolutions recently adopted by the Heidelberg Congress of the German Protestantenverein deserve consideration. This "Verein," or union, represents the Unitarians of Germany. Its members ask for a more general and religious observance of Sunday than now obtains among their countrymen. They wish to effect a change in German habits by moral means rather than by law. The resolutions embraced, according to the report of the correspondent of the London *Guardian*, the following points: "(1) Sunday rest ought to be a general observance, based on the free choice of the people. (2) Sunday rest consists not merely in abstinence from usual work; enervating pleasure is as much a breach of it as manual labor. (3) Sunday rest must find its highest end in Sunday hallowing; where this is neglected, the moral strength of the people suffers. (4) This hallowing of the Sunday springs from the religious necessities of man, but is not a Divine ordinance. (5) In order to the revival of Sunday rest, the religious life of the people must be quickened." Considering that these declarations come from the German Protestants, who are inclined to take the freest view of Sabbath obligation, they are very remarkable. They show a dissatisfaction with the present habit of the German people to devote much of the day to pleasure. The disposition of the Protestants of the continent of Europe to compare the moral and social effects of our and their mode of Sunday observance has already been noticed in this Intelligence.



THE CENTENNIAL—NAVAL SCHOOL SHIP MODEL, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 855.]

ENAMELED SILVER TANKARD. SERF EMANCIPATION CUP. ENAMELED SILVER TANKARD.



CHANDELIER. ENAMELED SILVER CLOCK. BRONZE FIGURES.

THE CENTENNIAL—RUSSIAN BRONZE AND SILVER EXHIBITS IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 851.]

THE SONG OF OCTOBER.

Hark ye! hark ye! the work is done,
The harvest o'er, and the rest is won;
In gold and crimson and glad array,
Behold how the earth keeps holiday!
The clusters fall
From the burdened vine;
The year is drunken
With fresh new wine—
Gone mad in the joy of October.

"I bore the burden, I bore the heat;
I gave ye corn, and I gave ye wheat;
I made no sign when ye tore my breast,
But saved the tide till your trees were dressed."
The clusters fall
From the burdened vine;
The year is drunken
With fresh new wine—
Gone mad in the joy of October.

Lo! wreathed in color and dyed with flame,
He cries, like Bacchus, with glad acclaim:
"In robes of splendor the world is dressed,
And toil is over, and man shall rest."
The clusters fall
From the burdened vine;
The year is drunken
With fresh new wine—
Gone mad in the joy of October.

CAN GERMANS VOTE FOR MR. TILDEN?

That any German should continue to vote, act with, or uphold the kind of Democracy of which Mr. Tilden, or rather Mr. Tilden's managers are the representatives, is an example of forbearance under injuries that does not seem to savor of wisdom. To the Germans in every part of the country the ultramontane Democracy has shown almost as plain a dislike as its European leaders, the ultramontane priesthood, have displayed for the German Empire, unity, and peace. There can, in fact, be no possible bond of union between the two. The Germans during our rebellion were loyal and patriotic. German valor was shown on many a battle-field, and German money was lent to us freely when England and France closed their markets against us. The Germans had faith in the final success of the Union when the ultramontanes of Italy, France, and Spain longed for and foretold its destruction. Our ultramontanes at home held great meetings in New York or Indiana, when the rebellion was at its height, to give aid and solace to the insurgents. They threatened the Germans of St. Louis with subjection, and held in a kind of servitude the Germans of Texas. And when the war was over, one of the chief measures of the ultramontane Democracy of New York was aimed against the German bond-holders of Frankfort and Berlin. They proposed to pay the nation's debt in currency when currency was scarcely worth more than half its nominal value, and when a new issue would have necessarily reduced it still lower. And this measure was urged apparently by their leaders as a means of punishing the German people for their confidence in the Union cause. This was the object distinctly suggested by Mr. S. S. Cox to one of his Democratic audiences at Tammany Hall: "We are paying a tribute to the millionaires of Frankfort," he exclaimed (October 27, 1869), "of $60,000,000 of gold." Hoffman, in 1868, was urging the payment of the debt in currency; Pendleton excited the dishonest impulses of his party by a similar policy; and that the Germans were not plundered in 1868–69 by a union of the Northern ultramontanes and the Southern rebels was due only to the honest firmness of the Republican leaders. The Republicans resolved to preserve the national credit unsullied, to protect the German bond-holder, and observe the strict letter of their contract. Their policy has proved wonderfully successful. The dishonest suggestions of Pendleton and the Democracy have, no doubt, depressed for five years the national credit and weakened and impoverished the national resources. It is not impossible, as the *Saturday Review* asserts (September 9, 1876), that but for this cry of repudiation our national debt might long ago have been funded as low as that of any other country. But what possible union can there be between any honest German and this party of repudiation which in 1868 was anxious to plunder the German and all the other national creditors, and which has even now a plain desire to pay the claims of Southern rebels at the cost of the whole country? Mr. Tilden may assert that he is opposed to these projects; but it has been Mr. Tilden's fortune to have been associated for fifteen years with the most dishonest leaders of his party. Under his very oversight they plundered their fellow-citizens of millions unchecked. And it is plain that Mr. Tilden can scarcely be relied upon to protect the national Treasury from Southern marauders and Northern depredators, or to watch over it more carefully than he did over that of the city of New York. Every honest German must see in this whole ultramontane and rebel Democracy his natural foes, the bitter enemies of his father-land.

But the long friendship between the Republican party and the Germans has been founded upon a unity of feeling that springs from a common origin and a common aim. Here in the New World the two progressive elements of a single race that traces its source to the forests of Saxony and Bavaria, to the companions of Hermann and Charlemagne, are once more united under a free government. The descendants of Germans and Englishmen are brethren, offspring of a common ancestry. They have loved freedom for ages; they repelled the arms of pagan and the arts of papal Rome together. They have reunited in one American commonwealth. Humane, generous, tolerant, liberal, they are yet resolved to maintain freedom and spread knowledge. It was the voice of Luther and of German intelligence that created the American republic. It is the duty of every German to defend with ardor the free progress of his race, and Germans have not been unfaithful to their trust. Americans in principle and heart, the existence of the Union to-day is due in no slight degree to German valor. Germans in St. Louis saved Missouri to the Union side, and baffled the plans of the Confederates and ultramontanes until Grant had restored the Union arms. Throughout all the Western States Germans rose at once at the call of their country to save the institutions that had given them competence and ease. A few ultramontane Germans in New York, or Germans purchased by ultramontane arts, may have opposed the general tendency of their fellow-countrymen. But in Texas the German population was never voluntarily disloyal, and throughout all the North and South the Germans saw that the restoration of the Union was the chief necessity of the Western continent. They saw that should slavery triumph, America must cease to be a safe refuge for the working-men of Europe. But they had never a doubt of the result. They assured their countrymen in Europe that the Union would still stand. The clear insight of the Teutonic race from St. Louis to Boston was of signal use to the country, and the money loaned to the Union government in the moment of its deepest necessity fed the armies that fought for freedom. Had not the people of Germany and the bankers of Frankfort and Berlin supplied the wants of our empty treasury, the soldiers of the Union must have starved in the midst of their victories. France refused all aid to the struggling republic. Its bankers closed their doors to our negotiators; our bonds were unsalable at the Paris Bourse. The French government proposed to found a new empire at Mexico, a new centre of priestcraft and of despotism, and check the growth of freedom in the New World forever. England laughed at our calamity, except a few grave, wise men. English capitalists purchased Confederate bonds at a large discount, but the bonds of the United States were wholly discredited at the London Exchange. Our only foreign friends at that disastrous moment were the Germans in Europe who lent us their money freely, and the Germans in America who fought bravely for our common home.

Nor did our people prove ungrateful. A few years later, when the armies of ultramontane France, aided, it was believed, by a discontented faction of ultramontanes in the heart of Germany itself, with arrogant boastings, prepared to march to Berlin, the whole Union party and every faithful Republican showed an intense sympathy for the Germans and a lasting confidence in the triumph of the German cause. Republican editors and Republican politicians expressed openly their regard for Germany. Republicans gave freely to the relief societies for the wounded. With a thrill of satisfaction Republicans heard of the victories of Weissenberg and Metz, and knew that the Napoleonic empire and ultramontane ambition had received their lasting defeat in Europe. Maximilian's empire in Mexico had long faded away; the French Empire followed it speedily; and Europe and America were safe, at least for the moment, from the intrigues of ultramontanism. But what said Mr. Tilden and his New York and Southern associates in the crisis of Germany's peril? What said the organs of Tammany Hall and the ultramontane editors in this decisive moment? Every ultramontane journal from New York to St. Louis foretold the triumph of France and the papacy; all the strength of the Democratic party was arrayed against the German cause. Our Celtic fellow-citizens, misled by their priests, were ready to fight on the side of France; they saw in a despot and a usurper their natural ally. The New York *World*, the official journal of Tammany Hall, still clung to the falling cause of France when all others were ready to desert it; in the midst of its disasters it still promised the final success of the French army. A real terror fell upon the Democratic leaders when the Napoleonic dynasty was dashed to pieces; they saw in its fate the dim presage of their own.

But what patriotic German can any longer lend his support to the ultramontane Democracy of New York, which is the bitter enemy of popular education, the foe of progress, the close ally of the ultramontanes of France and Germany, and which half drew its sword on the side of Napoleon in 1870, and cheered on the Napoleonic army in its march to Berlin? The union between the followers of Tilden and any part of the Germans of New York must seem to every thoughtful mind monstrous and appalling. If a new war should break out between France and Germany, where would Tammany Hall, with its obedient Tildens and Hendrickses, stand? Where would lie the sympathies of its immense mass of uneducated ultramontane voters? Where would Kelly and Tilden and all "Catholic" Ireland place themselves in the contest? Once more they would cheer the French forces as they set out for Berlin. Once more M'Mahon and his papal crusaders would be followed with blessings from every "Catholic" school and convent. The ultramontanes of America would send greetings to the ultramontanes of Europe; and the Germans who had given their votes to Tilden and Hendricks would discover, too late, that they had labored to transfer the whole influence of the government of the United States to the enemies of their father-land.

Our ultramontane Democracy in New York is the friend of violence every where. It is not Germany alone that it would oppress by a foreign invasion. In the Southern States its only hope of success lies in its bravoes and its Ku-Klux. Its White Leaguers ride to Republican meetings armed with rifles, and shoot men and sometimes women, like the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria. In vain have these atrocities been denied by the agents of Tilden and the ultramontanes. The horrible truths come out in every Southern State, and the Germans of Texas are already beginning to cry out against their feeble government, that seems wholly unable to protect human life, far less the right of suffrage. It will remain for the Germans in the North to set their brethren in the South free from the pitiless tyranny of the armed bands of Democratic politicians. In the Republican party alone can Germans find a safe refuge. Republicanism has never cheered on the French forces to the sack of Frankfort. It has never urged repudiation to punish the people of Germany for their trust in the Union cause. It cultivates knowledge, repels sectarianism, demands general education, teaches good order and peace, has practiced a wonderful economy, has nearly repaired the boundless waste of a Democratic rebellion. Already commerce and industry are reviving among us. Already our country is becoming again the chosen home of the working-man. Its immense territory lies open to immigration; its rich resources are still to be unfolded, and the principles of its founders to be carried on to their highest development. In this chief purpose of the new century the Republican party—the party of the people, of labor, and of knowledge—calls for the aid of every patriotic German; in this cause the children of a common ancestry must unite to civilize the whole Western continent.

Eugene Lawrence.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

AN EARLY VISITOR.

Oswald went down to the office of the *Piccadilly* afterward, in great satisfaction with his work. Sometimes these productions brought him in a guinea or two, and then how pleased he was! more pleased than if he had inherited a fortune. He thought himself on the high-road to fame and fortune when this happened, and was pleased to let his friends think that he made a good deal of money by his pen. Luckily for him, he did not need to put any dependence upon these dilettant earnings; but they sweetened life to him, if they did not put much money in his purse. And the idea of Cara gave him a soft pleasure. He too thought how it would be told hereafter that his first critic was a beautiful girl, and that it was her enthusiasm which stirred him on to the heights he afterward attained. "And what became of the beautiful girl?" he thought he could hear somebody ask in posterity. Yes, indeed, what became of her? Should she marry the poet, and be his nurse and his critic combined, or should she be drifted away into some other course, and carry the memory of him to the last day, not quite breaking his heart, perhaps, or, at least, no more than could be mended? He smiled as he went along, with a little conscious warmth on his face, and wondered how this would be.

But just then chance threw something else in his way. He met a procession of school-girls—not a very wonderful thing—attended by one or two Sisters of one of the many modern Anglican sisterhoods, in poke-bonnets and black veils—decorations which are very effective when they surround a fair young countenance. Oswald had just caught sight of one which charmed him, and which was inclosed by a poke less rigid and a veil less heavy than the others, which he concluded to mean novicehood, or even mere associateship. The owner of this soft, serious face was too young to have made any permanent choice of so grave a kind, and was, indeed, only a little governess to whom a modification of the conventual dress had been permitted as a privilege. Oswald crossed the road, and went along very dreamily, though it was not his way, parallel with the procession, looking furtively, and, as he flattered himself, with purely artistic admiration, at the little shepherdess of the flock. "She is a Perugino," he said to himself, and already the ready verses began to flutter upward to his lips. He could write a poem about her—it was the most charming subject—a true Perugino, with just that warm glow of color, not fair but mellow—those soft features, those modest eyes. He began on the spot:

> "From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
> Fair face! that thus so sweetly can combine
> The maiden and the mother ever young."

(The reader will perceive that Oswald's verses were not of the highest quality.) He had got just this length when a sudden shriek disturbed him. The little procession was crossing a side street, and one of the younger children had made a rush from her companion, and in a moment, before any one could draw a breath, had been knocked down and apparently crushed by a cart which came lumbering slowly up the street, too slow and too heavy to alarm any one. Oswald, to do him justice, was not given to mooning when there was any need for active service. He rushed across the street, reaching the scene of the disaster before any one else, except his Perugino, who had flown with one small cry, and was herself half under the heavy cart, pushing it back with all her force, while the others stood aghast and shrieked, not knowing what to do. Nothing could be more swift, more ready, than the Perugino novice. She had already drawn the child half into her arms before Oswald reached the spot, and was feeling the little limbs all over, with a little fainting cry, half horror, half want of breath. "Let me carry the child to the nearest doctor," cried Oswald. The color had all gone out of the Perugino face—the big wheel of the cart touching her delicate shoulder made a background for her. She was a St. Catherine now. "There is something broken; she must go to the hospital," the girl said, looking up at him with that sudden acquaintance and confidence which come in such a moment. Her shoulder brushed against him as she transferred the little burden to him. The child had fainted. He took the poor little crushed creature in his arms. They were within a stone's-throw of the great hospital, and there was nothing to be done but to carry it there. The elder Sister by this time had joined them, sending the curious, anxious, crying girls away under the charge of the remaining governess. "Agnes, you ought to go back with them. You are as white as a sheet. You will faint," said the Sister, putting an arm round the girl.

"Oh no; I am better. Let me go and see what it is," she said.

Agnes? Was that the name? It was one of the saints, he had felt sure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SERIOUS DILEMMA.

"Roger has been to pay dear Cara a visit," said Mrs. Burchell. "He was in London on Sunday, with his kind aunt at Notting Hill, and he thought he would call. I don't approve of Sunday visits, but I suppose exceptions must be made sometimes, and Roger went. Knowing her all his life, you know, he felt interested. Do you know a family called Meredith, Miss Charity? I should not think, from what he tells me of them, that they can be people you would care to know."

"Meredith! but of course you know them, Aunt Charity—poor Annie's friend, whom she was so fond of—the only person who was allowed to come in when she was ill—the most delightful, kind woman."

"People change as years go on, and Cherry is always enthusiastic—gushing, as my young people say. But do you know, Miss Charity, that poor Mr. Beresford is always there? dining there on Sunday, sitting till one does not know how late—and she is a woman separated from her husband," said Mrs. Burchell, lowering her voice. "I am sure that is a thing of which you can not approve."

"Of women separating from their husbands?" Miss Charity was sitting in her dressing-gown in her bedroom by the fire. She had been laid up by "one of her attacks." This was how every body spoke of it; and though she was completely out of danger, it was necessary to take care. The consequence was that she lived in her bedroom, and chiefly in her dressing-gown, and was sometimes fretful, hard to manage, and a strain upon Miss Cherry's powers. Almost any visitor who would come and bring a little variety, and particularly a little news, was an advantage; therefore Cherry was very reluctant to interfere with what Mrs. Burchell said, especially as she was hungering for news of the child, who, though she wrote so regularly, did not say half what Miss Cherry wanted to hear.

"I can't pronounce on such a question without knowing the circumstances," said Miss Charity. "Women are fools; but then so are most men as well."

"Oh, Miss Charity! that is one of your quaint ways of stating things. Mr. Burchell always says you have such quaint ways of expressing yourself; but always judicious, quite above what would be expected from a woman."

"Mr. Burchell is a good judge. He has means of knowing what may be expected from a woman," said the old lady, sharply. "And so you think badly of Mrs. Meredith. But make your mind easy. She is not separated from her husband."

"*Not!*" Mrs. Burchell echoed the negative in a tone which was faint of disaffection. "Oh, but pardon me; I fear you must be mistaken, for Roger says—"

"I thought that boy was a nice boy. What have you done to him to make him a gossip? Cherry, that was the one I thought well of, was it not? The others were naught, except Agnes; but this was a nice boy."

"Agnes is very self-willed," said Mrs. Burchell. "She is gone to that mission, though I am sure there is plenty to do at home and in the parish. I don't know what to say to her. But as for the others being naught, I don't think it is very kind of you to say so," she added, looking as if she meant to cry.

"It is only one of my quaint ways of expressing myself," said Miss Charity, grimly. "I hate a boy who is a gossip. It is bad enough in girls; but then one is sorry for the poor things that have nothing better to do. What does this boy of yours say? If he was my boy, I'd whip him for tale-telling. And what was he doing in the Square?"

"My children have always been brought up to confide in their mother," said Mrs. Burchell, on the verge of tears; "they have always told me their impression. Thank Heaven, though my lot is not luxurious like some people's, I have always had comfort in my children!"

"That is a hit at you and me, Cherry, who have no children," said the old lady, who was sharp and keen after her illness. "My dear, we are quite willing to admit your superiority. What did the boy say?"

"I am sure there was no boasting in my mind. I have very little occasion to boast. A poor clergyman's wife, with so large a family to bring up! but I *am* proud of the confidence of my children. Dear Roger went to see Cara out of kindness. He has always had a kind feeling to her, and the poor boy's heart was quite touched to see her among such people. They seem to live in an ungodly way, with dinner parties on Sundays and that sort of thing—no regard for poor servants or for the bad example they are setting. And as for the lady, Roger did not tell me all; but he says Mr. Beresford *stays*—stays after Cara goes home, and,

in short, is never out of the house. I felt that you ought to be told. Gentlemen have very peculiar ideas, I know—they don't follow our rules; but for a man to take his daughter, his young daughter, into such society—"

"Maria!" Miss Cherry was speechless with horror and dismay. She managed to get out this ejaculation, and no more. But the old lady was less easily moved. She put on the spectacles to which she had taken quite lately, and looked into her visitor's face.

"Here is an odd thing now," she said, "a very odd thing. I am willing to suppose you are an innocent sort of woman, Maria Burchell. You never did any thing very bad—for one thing, you have never been tempted—and yet you are ready to believe any evil, at the first word, of another woman whom you know nothing in the world about. It is the oddest thing I know. If you had been a wicked person, one could have understood it. But a clergyman's wife, as you say, in a quiet country place, out of the way of temptation, why, you ought to think well of every body. You ought to be the sort of person who could be taken in, who would not believe harm of any one, an innocent woman like you."

"Oh!" wept Mrs. Burchell, "I never thought to have lived to be so spoken to; and by an old friend. Oh, Cherry! you that have known me from a girl, how can you sit still and do your knitting, and hear me talked to so?"

"She does not mean it," said Miss Cherry, softly, "dear Maria. She has been ill. She can't help being a little irritable."

"Stuff!" said Miss Charity. "She brought it on herself. Go away, Cherry; if I were irritable, it is you who would feel it first. Now, Maria, don't be more of a fool than you can help. What did the boy say?"

But there was not very much more to be got from Mrs. Burchell. The boy had not, indeed, said any more, nor so much as she had reported. He had been betrayed by the sore state of his feelings, poor Roger, to give a very slight sketch of his uncomfortable Sunday—how he did not think the lady to whom Mr. Beresford talked so earnestly, who had a husband, and yet had no husband—who asked people to dinner on Sunday, and who—but Roger did not say this—had two sons who interfered so uncomfortably with his own inclinations—was at all a good friend for Cara. This was the extent of Roger's confidence, and he regretted bitterly having given it before the evening was out; for it is one thing to disburden your heart of a grievance, and quite another to have that grievance enlarged and imbittered by constant reference and repetition. When Mrs. Burchell was gone, Miss Charity fell into a musing.

"It is amazing the ill people have in their thoughts," she said at last. "That woman, with her 'laxness of principle,' and her depraved heart, and her indignation, to be taken at her word! Now, Cherry, that was an inoffensive girl enough. When she was Maria Thompson there was no particular harm in her. I believe we ought all to die at twenty. What a deal of mischief it would save the world!"

"And good, too," said Miss Cherry, in her soft voice.

"Good! not so much good. Do you know, I don't feel comfortable about Mrs. Meredith. I know she's a nice woman; but, bless my soul, the number of nice women I have known who have been—no better than they should be! And Cara, you know, Cara is our business, Cherry. We are her nearest relations. I do believe she would be better here. Nobody can say that you are—no better than you should be. You don't form friendships with men. I dare say that's all Mrs. Meredith's sin at the bottom."

"But that is only," said Miss Cherry, composedly, "because there are no men to form friendship with. You may laugh, Aunt Charity, but I say quite what I mean. I am not a young girl, neither is Mrs. Meredith. If she is good to my poor brother James, shouldn't we be grateful? And as for Cara—though Heaven knows how much I would give to have her back again—"

"Who is that at the door? I won't see any more people; that woman has put me out for the day. Though I know it is nonsense, I can't get it out of my head. She is a great deal too fond of being popular. She is— Whom do you say? Mr. Maxwell? To be sure, it is his day. Well, I suppose he must come in, of course. And just as well. We can ask him, and set it to rest."

Mr. Maxwell came in, as he had done regularly every week for no one knew how many years. He was redder and rustier, and perhaps a shade or trifle stouter; but that did not show to familiar eyes. Otherwise the five years which had elapsed since Mrs. Beresford's death had made no alteration in the doctor. He was on that table-land in the middle of life when five years tell less than at any other period. He came in with the slight bustle which was characteristic of him, and sat down by Miss Charity, and got through quickly that little confidential talk which is necessary between a doctor and his patient, during which Miss Cherry took her big piece of work to the window, and stood there, holding the mass of white wool in her arms, and knitting on, with her back toward the others. When this formula had been gone through, she returned to her chair. Her interest in the matter was too great to allow even her aunt to open it. "Have you seen my brother James lately?" she said.

"Your brother James!" The question seemed to startle and confuse the doctor. "We have seen very little of each other these five years."

"Ah! I thought you were not so intimate," said Miss Cherry, whom the suspicion had pained. "Is there—any reason? I should like so much to know."

"Well, I suppose there always is some reason or other. But no—on the contrary—estrangements come by accident constantly, Miss Cherry. I can't tell what is the reason. I don't suppose I know. We have drifted apart, that's all; people do so every day without knowing why."

"People know when it begins," said Miss Cherry, eagerly; but here she was interrupted by her aunt.

"Never mind about estrangements. What we want to ask you, Mr. Maxwell, is whether you have seen Cara—little Cara, you remember; and also something about their neighbors. There is Mrs. Meredith, for instance. We hear she sees a great deal of them. Eh! why shouldn't I tell Mr. Maxwell exactly what we have heard? A doctor isn't a tale-bearer; he'd lose all his practice in a week. We've been disturbed by hearing (especially Cherry; she is more particular than I) something about Mrs. Meredith. You that know every thing, tell us if it is true."

"I have seen very little of Mrs. Meredith. I don't know about James. Cara would be a great deal better here. What does he want with the child in London? He doesn't require her; he has done without her all these years. I'd have her back, Miss Charity, if I were you."

"It is very easy to talk of having her back. She is his child, after all. Come, speak out. They say James is there constantly, and that the lady— She isn't separated from that husband of hers, eh?"

"Not that I know of."

"Not that you know of! Of course you know whatever there is to know. What is the matter? A woman should not let herself be talked of."

"Mrs. Meredith is not talked of, if that is what you mean; but I have heard that James is constantly there. He oughtn't to do it. If he is fond of her, as I don't doubt he is fond of her—"

"Mr. Maxwell! how can you speak so of my brother?" said Miss Cherry, agitated and blushing, with the tears ready to come. "A married woman! I am sure he has no more thought of any thing of the kind. What has his life been since Annie died? That speaks for itself. He has thought of no one but her."

"Hold your tongue, Cherry, my dear. You are an old maid, but you have a foolish young soul. What do you know of such things? Let us talk it over quietly. Now, Mr. Maxwell, you need not be upon p's and q's with me. If he is fond of her—that is the question. Nothing but what is innocent, you goose. We don't think James a bad man, do you suppose? Now, doctor, we must be at the bottom of it, now we have opened the question. What do people say?"

"*I* say, if he is fond of her, he oughtn't to compromise her, Miss Charity; that is all about it. Innocent! Of course it's all innocent enough; but the woman *is* married, and her husband is thousands of miles off, and he ought to have more sense than to go there every evening, as he does. Yes, we've talked of it among ourselves; not to let it go any further; not to make any scandal, Heaven knows. No one thinks of any scandal; but he oughtn't to do it. I am not blaming your brother, Miss Cherry; he has fallen into it, poor fellow, without knowing. He and I are not such friends as we were. I have thought I had reason not to be quite pleased with him; but I don't do him injustice here. He means no harm; but he oughtn't to do it. The more he is fond of her, the more he ought to take care. And, there, you have my opinion, and that's all about it. I don't think any one has ever ventured to say more."

"It is too much to have said," said the old lady, "and she ought to know better. I don't put it all on him. She ought to have put a stop to it. Women see these things better than men; and besides, it is the women who suffer, not the men. She ought to have put a stop to it. I don't put it all on him, as you seem disposed to do."

"How could she put a stop to it?" said the doctor, warmly. "She is good to every body. She opened her house to him when he was miserable. How is a woman to say to a man, after she has been kind to him, 'Don't come any more; people are beginning to talk?' Good Lord! it would be like supposing they had some reason to talk. If any woman said that to me, I should feel that she thought me a brute bad enough for any thing. No, no; every body says women are hardest upon each other."

"Every body says a deal of nonsense," said Miss Charity, sharply. "A woman does not need to speak so plainly. She can let the man see when he is going too far without a word said. How? Oh, there's no need to tell *you* how. We know how; that's enough. She could have done it, and she ought to have done it. Still, I don't think any harm of her; and it must simply be put a stop to, now we know."

"Ah!" said the doctor, drawing a long breath; "but how?"

"How, again? Why, what kind of people are you who call yourselves their friends? It's your business to do it. Cherry, my dear, I am a deal better; the bronchitis is all gone, and Barbara is as careful of me as a woman can be. You'll go off directly to the Square. If I were well enough—if it were not for this stupid bronchitis—I'd go myself; but it isn't worth a life, is it, doctor? See how things are going on. Of course you won't make any fuss, Cherry; but whatever ought to be done you'll do."

Maxwell turned, as the old lady made this address to her niece, and looked at her. What would poor old Cherry do? he said to himself, watching her with curiosity and wonder. Was she a person to face this dilemma, which had kept various and more determined persons in difficulty? She let her work drop upon her knee, and looked up with an agitated face. She grew pale and red, and pale again.

"How am I to speak to James?" she said, hurriedly catching her breath—"a man!"

Then she made a pause and an effort, and the doctor, astonished, saw a soft light of resolution come into the mild old maiden's face.

"Of course," she said, still a little breathless, "I will not think of that if there is any thing I can do."

"And of course there is something to do," said the more energetic old lady. "My patience! what do people get old for, doctor? I should do it without thinking twice. What do they say about a sound mind in a sound body? I wish, for my own part, when an old woman gets bronchitis, she would get it in her soul as well, and be all bad together. But for this old body, I'm as strong as ever I was; and Cherry was always weakly, poor dear."

"Do not vex yourself, Aunt Charity, I will go," said Miss Cherry, with only a slight faltering in her voice. "Mrs. Meredith is a good woman, and my brother James is a good man too, though I wish he was more religious. When a thing is plain duty, that makes it—easy; well, if not easy, at least—I will do my best," she said, softly. Mr. Maxwell watched her quite intently. It was all very well to say this here; but would she venture to do it? He had always taken an interest in Cherry, more or less. All these years, during which he had come weekly to the Hill, he had been always sensible when Cherry was not there, and had a way of looking round for her gray gown when he came in. Every body knew his way of looking round, but no one, much less the chief person concerned, had ever divined that it was that gray garment which he missed when it was not there. Poor faded, fluttering, nervous Cherry! he had always taken an interest in her. Would she really have the courage to take this bold, independent step, and do the thing which not one of James Beresford's friends had dared to do?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

THE WINES OF THE RHINE.

The most famous wines of Germany are produced on the banks of the Rhine or within a short distance of that glorious and romantic river. The finest are made in the "Rheingau," a region extending from Mayence to Assmannhausen. Excellent wines are produced along the Main and the Moselle, and also in Baden and Bavaria and other parts of Germany. As a rule, only the inferior grades are exported to the United States in the cask, to be bottled here. Many importers get casks of only one kind, and by the aid of the chemist and the lithographer turn it into any kind to suit the fancy of the purchaser. First-class houses import the finer grades in bottles.

The German wine merchants purchase directly of the farmers, after the wines have fermented, and keep the product of the vintage one or two years in cellar before bottling it. Delicate wines require an even temperature and very careful treatment, as the flavor is easily injured by extremes either of heat or cold. During the last few years immense quantities of sparkling wine have been made on the Rhine and the Moselle. Many people prefer it to Champagne, since in addition to its sparkling quality it has a most delicious bouquet. The cellars of MÜLLER, in Eltville, near Wiesbaden, contain over 4,000,000 bottles of sparkling wines.

There are seventy-two exhibitors of still and sparkling German wines at the Centennial. The most showy exhibit is that of Messrs. SÖHNLEIN & Co., which makes a prominent figure in our illustration. This firm prepares the famous Rheingold brand of sparkling wine. All the other exhibitors, with one noticeable exception, make a collective display. The exception is that of Messrs. SAARBACH & Co., of Mayence, court purveyors to the Grand Duke of Hesse, in whose domain many of the finest wines are produced. Their exhibit, which is shown on the right of our illustration on page 849, contains specimens of Hochheim, Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and other choice varieties. SAARBACH & Co., as well as SÖHNLEIN & Co., send a special representative to Philadelphia to afford information to inquirers. They are the leading house for the sale of these wines in Russia and England.

SHIP MODEL, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The principal figure in our illustration on page 852 is that of a man-of-war used in the Naval Academy at Annapolis for the instruction of the cadets. It is about thirty feet in length, and is, of course, a perfect representation of a man-of-war, complete in every part. It is an object of great interest to visitors, and is constantly surrounded by crowds of observers.

THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT.

The representation of Russia at the Centennial Exhibition rivals in completeness and magnificence that of any other country. It fully illustrates the advantage of government supervision in the regulation and choice of the exhibits. Amidst a grandeur which is best described as Oriental, there is no obtrusion of commercial motives on the part of the exhibitors. The long delay which it was feared would result in Russia's being entirely unrepresented at the Exhibition was brought to an end by the appointment of a government commission. By energetic and wise measures a perfect representation of the best of Russian manufactures was secured, and as illustrating the present position of the empire of the Czar in the arts and manufactures, the exhibit, as a whole, is more complete and in every sense satisfactory than perhaps that of any other nation. There is scarcely a department in which we do not find Russia as a contributor; and it is with a feeling almost of surprise that we examine the many evidences of manufacturing and artistic superiority and of governmental enlightenment.

Every thing bears a decidedly Russian stamp in either material or design, or in both. Some of the specimens of lapidary-work belong to the latter class. The stones used are malachite, jasper, lapis lazuli, rhodonite, and others from Siberia and the Ural range of mountains. The display is very beautiful, and the art disclosed is of a high order. A malachite fire-place or mantel is one of the wonders of the section; it is valued at $6500. The green malachite is relieved of its monotony by mosaic-work in front in a variety of different stones, and by corner and centre pieces of carved fruits. The latter are, both in that and in many other instances where used for the decoration of paper-weights, exquisitely carved in stones resembling the fruits in color. The imitation is thereby made exact, and the effect is very fine. Malachite is also used for vases, tables, and several small ornaments. Small tables of lapis lazuli are also shown, and the same material, with jasper, and several stones peculiar to the wide Asiatic territory of Russia, are used in an endless variety of forms. Some of the most beautiful specimens may be seen in our illustrations on page 853.

The exhibits illustrate ideas of art which are of strictly native birth and development. The silver-ware of Moscow may be quoted as a particular instance of originality of design. In both bronze and silver the subjects are taken from every-day life. Sleighs, hunting scenes, peasants, abound every where. The difficulties in the way of artistic treatment have been successfully coped with, and the frequent homeliness of the subject becomes, by reason of its able and faithful reproduction, the leading attraction of many of the pieces. One piece of silver is ornamented by a representation of the entry of PETER the Great into Moscow; another presents us with a peasants' dance; in others we have male and female peasants which are neither models of physical beauty nor patterns of elegance in costumery, but are yet in their evident faithfulness to the originals real works of art. One of the designs in silver is also peculiar to the silversmiths of Russia. We refer to the many cases in which the sets or vessels are embellished by the addition of a silver napkin with colored border. The workmanship is so fine that the metallic imitation might be mistaken for linen. Sometimes these napkins appear to be carelessly laid across baskets or bowls, and in others they are folded and laid upon a tray. The effect is unique and curious. A great deal of the jewelry is remarkable by reason of the elaborate and skillful workmanship it displays.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid, roared out: "Now you jes let 'lone. Wan' no slobberin' round me. I allus come down stairs that way."

The builder of a church now in course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

KIL'N BUSINESS—Brick-making.

An overbearing barrister, endeavoring to browbeat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. "I never knew till now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

"Quite correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hottentots, don't you see? Coolies are a different sort of people altogether. So are the people of Chili."

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

"Lenny," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired, "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

An old toper, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced from water, said, "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No—Mr. Pence." "Ah, you have done better than I thought!"

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

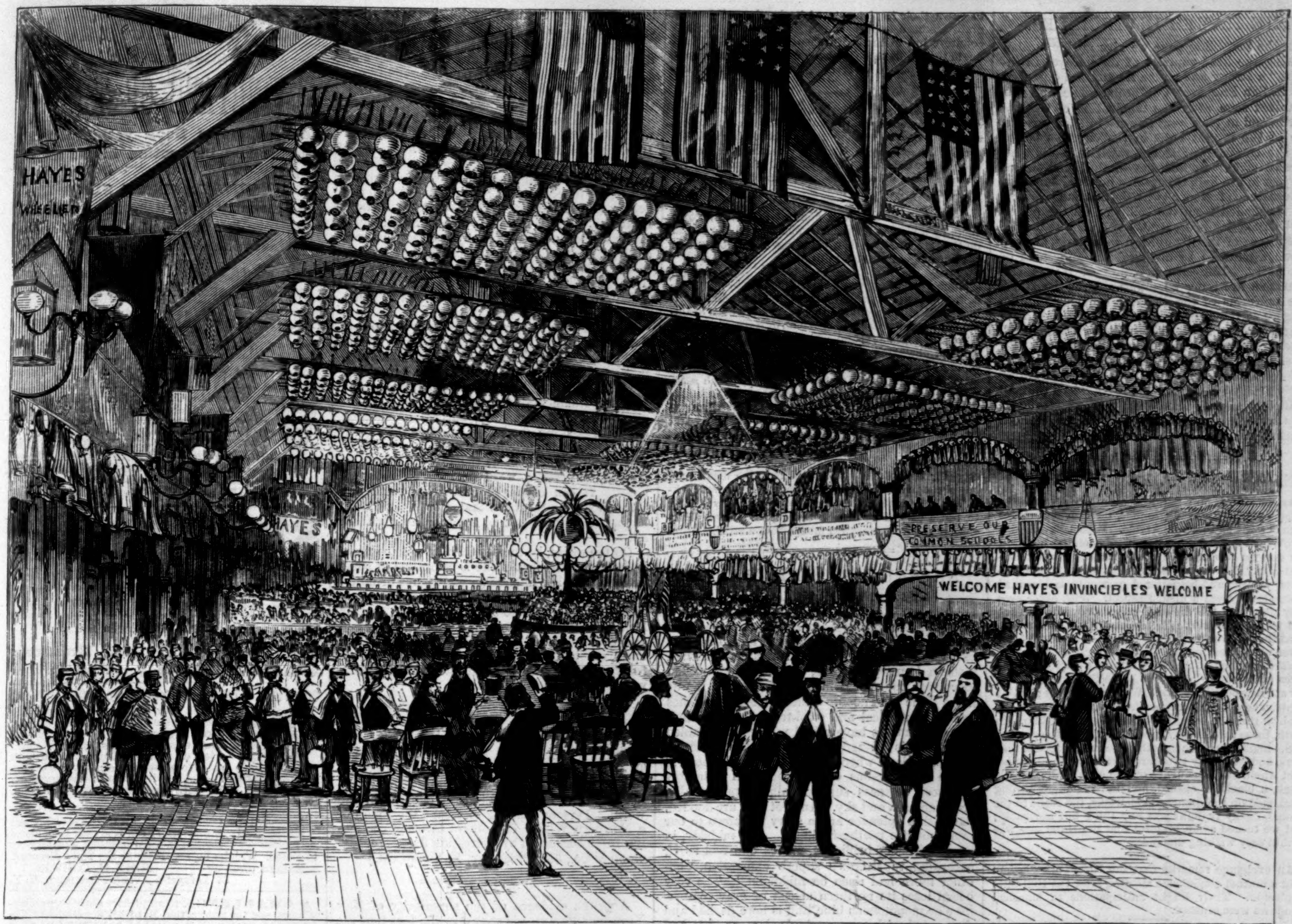
The man "overbored" was an editor.

BORROWING TROUBLE.—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and, as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, on an iron spout, he kicked off his shoes, and regained a place of safety, when he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it; there's a pair of shoes gone."

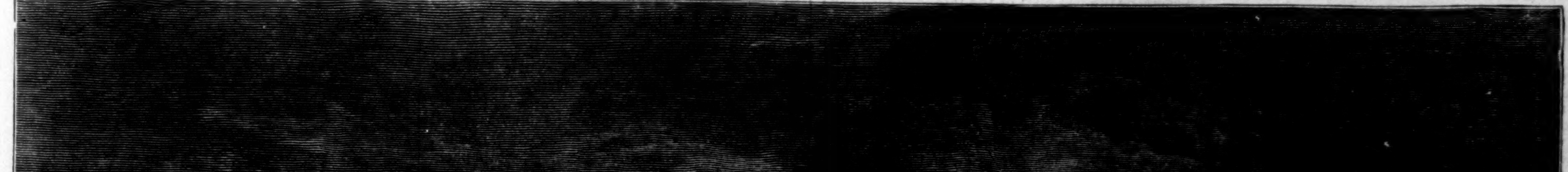
Legal documents are not always dry reading. Here is a part of a Kentucky woman's recent petition for divorce: "Dark clouds of discord began to lower over the sky of wedded felicity, and the minacious lightning of disunion began to dart its lurid flames across gloomy clouds of atramental blackness, obscuring every star of hope and happiness whose resplendent glory illuminated the dawn of the first few brief years of her wedded life, when she gave her hand and an undivided heart to the defendant, who, in the sultry month of July, 1867, when, after having been warmly and snugly wintered within the fond embraces of her loving arms, and closely nestled to a heart that beat alone for the defendant, he showed his base, black ingratitude by abandoning her bed and board without cause whatever, except the insatiable thirst for novelty which is the predominant character of defendant's nature."

STRUCK—AT SEA.

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THAT HAZE (HAYES), THEY COULD HAVE STEERED CLEAR OF THE ICEBERG.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE "HAYES INVINCIBLES," SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—Photographed by Robert A. Marden.—[See Page 858.]



GATHERING SEA-WEED.—From a Painting by J. MacWhirter.—[See Page 851.]

THE HAYES INVINCIBLES.

On the preceding page we give an illustration showing the head-quarters of the "Hayes Invincibles," a strong and active Republican organization in San Francisco, California. The club was organized soon after the nomination of General Hayes, and at once went to work in good earnest. One of the largest halls in the city was leased for the campaign, and decorated in a most attractive style. In addition to the hundreds of gas jets in the hall, twenty-five hundred Japanese lanterns, each festooned with the Stars and Stripes, are suspended from the ceiling. On the panels of the galleries are extracts from the letters of acceptance of the Republican candidates, and patriotic utterances by distinguished statesmen of the party. Life-size portraits of Hayes and Wheeler are hung on either side of the stage. The uniforms of the different organizations belonging to the club are ranged along the entire length of the hall. The "Hayes Invincibles" number already 4000 members, and expect, with good reason, to increase the membership to 6000 before election day. They have a public meeting every Friday evening, on which occasions the hall is filled by an enthusiastic audience. These meetings have proved a great success, and exercise a marked influence on public opinion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

At six o'clock on a Saturday evening the scene just outside the Centennial grounds, on Elm Avenue, is both curious and uncomfortable. Especially is it *uncomfortable* if the day has been a rainy one, as has been the case on two or three of the recent "twenty-five-cent days." The avenue is jammed with dripping sight-seers, whose mud-bespattered garments and soaked umbrellas present a dismal aspect. With eager eyes they gaze into the crowded cars. *Crowded*, we say; but language utterly fails to convey any idea of the condition of every one of the numerous cars which are momentarily leaving the Centennial gates. They are packed, jammed, to their very utmost capacity, and the mass of humanity boils over on to the outside of the car at every possible crack. Wherever, by any possible contrivance, a creature can fasten himself upon the vehicle, there he is, and several others with him. In truth, these cars, as they appeared to us on the evening of September 30, were something fearful, loaded as they were, and with only two horses attached to each one. And when, in consequence of one car running off the track, a blockade ensued, and the impatient throng thickened on the drenched sidewalks, the scene in the dismal, dusky twilight was any thing but agreeable; and we turned away, grateful that the Hotel —— was within easy walking distance.

An exchange remarks that the New York glaziers held a mutual condolence meeting after the Hell Gate explosion. Their bright anticipations of smashed windows were crushed.

Apropos of the Princeton students who left because a colored youth was admitted to the privileges of the college is the following little story: Some years ago a negro was admitted to Yale College. During the first term of the first year the Freshman Class was divided alphabetically into four divisions. The father of the lad next whom the negro sat by this arrangement was very greatly disturbed at the forced association of his son with a boy of color. Finally, just before the close of the term, he called on one of the professors, and asked him if it was not possible to make some change by which his son would not have to sit next a negro. The professor told him that he thought such a change would be made in a few days, and the father left, greatly comforted. In a few days the class was divided into four divisions on the basis of scholarship, and by this arrangement the negro was placed in the first division and the white boy in the fourth. As the two boys retained their respective places during the rest of their college course, the father had no more trouble concerning the physical association of his son with a negro.

Numerous arrests have been made recently in Paris of persons charged with cruelty to animals.

A Philadelphia paper contains the following item in reference to the last Sunday in September:

"Yesterday, notwithstanding the orders that were said to have been issued in regard to excluding visitors on Sunday, there were about three hundred visitors upon the grounds. As usual, these visitors were not of the poorer class, or those who are unable to attend upon week-days, but were from the wealthier classes, who can attend at any time, but don't wish to be elbowed by the lower ten million upon common days. They visited the Art Gallery."

"Spring Brook," otherwise known as the "Edwin Forrest Home," was opened on October 2. According to the last will of Mr. Forrest, this institution will be a home for actors and actresses who from age or infirmity need an asylum. If natives of the United States, they must have served at least five years in the theatrical profession; if foreigners, they must have been in the profession at least ten years, of which time the three years previous to application for admission to the Home must have been in the United States.

Mosquitoes endure the cool fall weather with great fortitude, and flourish wonderfully. It takes a hard frost to touch their sensibilities.

The new chapel which was recently dedicated at Andover, Massachusetts, is 120 feet long by 53 wide, and has a steeple on the northwest corner 128 feet high. The walls are of rubble masonry, pointed with black mortar, having a line of red in its centre, the trimmings being of light Ohio stone and red sandstone from Connecticut. The interior, which is Gothic in design, is beautifully ornamented with religious symbols, Scripture texts, and cathedral windows.

On "Pennsylvania Day" the attendance at the Centennial Exhibition was 251,463—an unprecedented number. There were also about 12,000 exhibitors and attendants admitted free. No less than 20,000 public-school children were present.

The north of China is subject to frequent droughts, and during the past season the lack of rain has been so great that the autumn crops seem hopelessly lost, and a famine is threatened. Great distress already prevails in some districts. The inhabitants have exhausted all their little store of grain, and have been forced to pawn their implements of husbandry. Recently grain has been imported in large quantities into the country; but methods of transportation are so inadequate that while there is plenty of wheat in some seaport towns, people are starving two hundred miles inland.

America is becoming very important to Europe. Not only are immense quantities of wheat and corn exported, but dressed beef and mutton are becoming valuable articles of commerce. Glasgow receives large quantities. Since July, also, about 250 head of American cattle have been landed at Glasgow, some of them bringing a large price.

Great damage has been done at San Juan, Porto Rico, by a violent hurricane which visited the island on the 13th of September. It began at four o'clock in the morning, and lasted until noon.

Some cases of apparent poisoning have been reported from the use of canned corned beef. Several specimens which had produced this effect have been examined by Professor Edward S. Wood, of Harvard College. A trace of lead was found, which manifestly came from the tin-foil which is wrapped around the beef, although separated from it by a layer of cloth. In order to preserve the meat, it is treated with lime, which saturates the cloth and dissolves a portion of the lead from the tin-foil. When dissolved it can readily permeate the cloth and enter the meat in small amount. But the quantity was so small that it could not have produced serious effects at once. As the specimens examined preserved their freshness only a short time after being opened, it was decided that the meat must have been in an unsound condition before it was pickled. The symptoms produced were precisely similar to those caused by eating decomposed meat. Purchasers should get canned meats from a reliable firm.

NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS.

By Rev. NELSON MILLARD, D.D.

Nassau, N. P., *March* 14, 1876.

Editor Evangelist,—As I write the date at the head of this letter, I recall that it is two months to a day since we landed at Nassau. Although it was a January morning, our judgments needed to correct our senses in order to believe it was not a June afternoon. Indeed, one soon comes to feel in tropical and semi-tropical climes that Tennyson might have called not only the fabled home of his Lotus-Eaters, but many an actual region, "a land where it was always afternoon;" for in these realms of sun and palm a dreamy *afternoon* softness suffuses, almost perpetually, scene and sea and sky. And yet they are flooded, too, with a splendor and a glory unknown to our more sombre northern climes. The mid-day, in its overflowing brilliance, makes one feel as if, according to Milton's superb expression, "another morn had risen on mid-noon." The very ocean loses its northern aspect of gray sombreness or monotonous blue, and is here dashed and permeated with ever-varying colors, as if it had caught and imprisoned some of the rays of the many thousand suns that have sunk into its bosom, or the iris hues of the rainbows that have spread their glories over its "mirrors large and round."

Until one has become accustomed to their strangeness, the novelty of these regions challenges a northern eye fully as much as their beauty. The questions that rose earliest and involuntarily to our lips were, "Can this be a part of the same earth we have always known, or have we reached the shores of a new and more beautiful planet?" The first experience here, I think, of any one accustomed only to our less-luxuriant latitudes would be that of being surrounded by a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth not, indeed, perfect righteousness, but where beauty, balminess, and bloom find their perpetual home.

All the islands of this Bahama group are of coral origin. Fertile by virtue of soil the Bahamas are not; for, like most coral islands, they have but a thin covering of earth. But vegetation here performs the prodigy once attributed to the chameleon; it lives on air. At least let it obtain but some little hold in the pores, or along the disintegrating surface of the coral rocks, and an atmosphere which never knows frosts seems to compel it to grow. Unlike the seed in the Parable of the Sower, which fell where there was "no deepness of earth," it does not wither away; but, nourished by what may be fairly called a *fertile* air, it comes to bloom and fruitage in the orange, or waves long plumes and bannerets in the palm.

The year at the poles has, it is said, but one day; so here, we may say, it has but one season. For in a land where the thermometer's mid-day marking averages seventy-five degrees in January and eighty-five degrees in August, it is evident that the seasons are a little more than a name. Certainly Nassau needs only to be known to become the great resort of those who desire to exchange for six months of the year northern snows for southern suns. It is the climate of climates: so say traveled invalids, of whom one naturally meets many here. As equable in temperature as St. Croix, it is not so uncomfortably warm; as balmy as Egypt, it is for inhabitants of the United States much nearer at hand. *Sudden changes* of temperature, which are the bane of most winter resorts, are here unknown. The "northers," which bring nipping frosts to the orange-groves of Florida, and which even at Havana send people shivering in-doors, signify here only a decline in the thermometer's mid-day mark from seventy-five to seventy degrees. Most of the time the days roll on in a nearly unvarying warmth, in a seldom interrupted sunshine, and with an almost constant trade-wind breeze. Such a climate, if resorted to in time, often works with wondrously curative power upon affections of the throat, bronchia, and lungs—as, in the case of bronchitis, I can testify from personal experience. And in such a climate there is, especially during the less heated part of the year, but very little indigenous sickness. Indeed, from November to May there is scarcely any sickness in Nassau, save what comes here to be cured.

In this connection I must not omit to add that the hospitality of the inhabitants is as warm and genial as their clime. The polite cordiality extended to non-residents, makes them forget that they are strangers in a strange land.

About all the religious denominations that would be met with at the North, in a city of 10,000 inhabitants, have organizations here. Presbyterianism is represented, and well represented, in a united and influential church—or "kirk" rather, for its ecclesiastical connection is with the Scotch Establishment. Its pastor, Rev. Robert Dunlop, is a North-of-Ireland man, of Scotch-Irish descent, and in both his physical and mental sinew, maintains the reputation of that famous blood. His hands are well stayed up in his work by men like the Hon. T. Darling and the Hon. S. O. Johnson, whose names are familiar to many in the States.

The Bahamas are to add their strain to our Centennial jubilee. There was recently a public exhibition of the articles useful and curious which they will send to the great Exposition. Of these, the handsome and highly polished native woods and the ornamental shell-work will, I think, attract most attention. The success of cunning hands in forming the latter into articles of exquisite beauty is quite marvelous.

A hotel so well kept as the Royal Victoria, at Nassau, deserves a word of mention before I close. It can challenge comparison with any throughout the Southern States or West Indies, having few equals, and no superior, among them all.

On the whole, let me say (if it be not too nearly an Irish bull) that if one is compelled at some period of his life to have an experience of hibernation, let him have it in this land of perpetual *Summer*. If one *must* rest, Nassau is an earthly Paradise; but far more attractive than rest in any earthly Eden is the prospect of a return, upon the accession of Summer weather at the North, to Syracuse, to home, and to the Master's work.—*New York Evangelist.*

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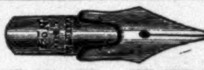
THE  **BEST**

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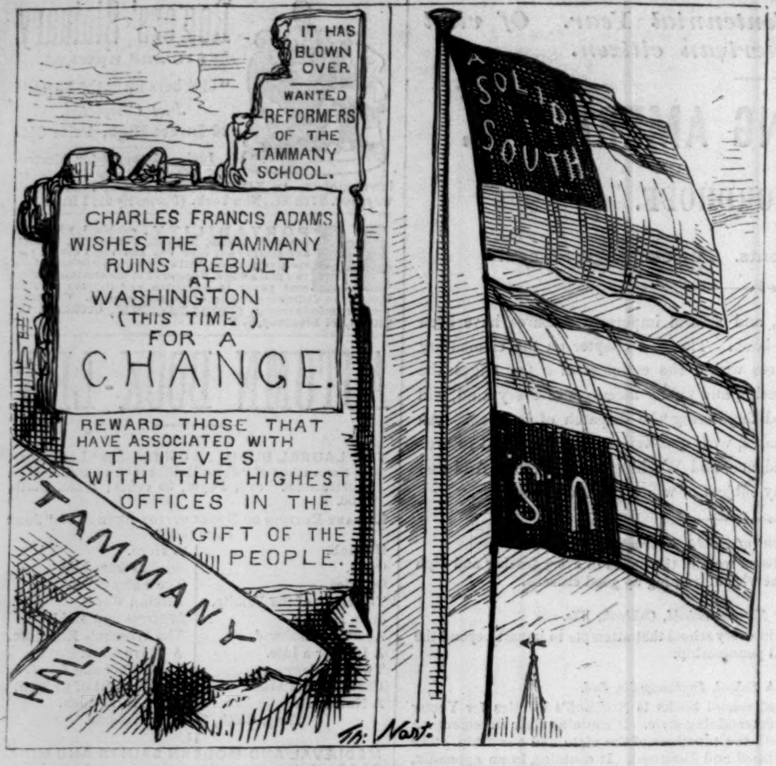

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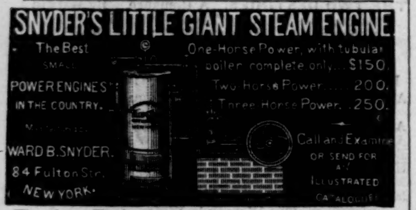

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THE HERRING FISHERY.

THE capture of various kinds of fish for the purpose of trade has always been extensively carried on in maritime countries, and has been the means in many instances of adding largely to their prosperity. One great peculiarity of this source of wealth is that, with slight exceptions, the sea harvest, as it may be called, is ripened without trouble or expense to the fisher, who only requires to provide the means of gathering it, and that, under certain regulations, it is free to all comers. Of late years, also, the various lines of railway that branch inland from the coast afford a rapid means of transportation, and thus enhance the value of sea produce, which formerly was lost for want of quick conveyance to those localities where it might have found ready sale.

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics of the different fisheries, but according to the rough estimates that can be made, the capture of the herring is one of the greatest fishing industries in all countries upon whose coasts this species of fish appears. In France 180 vessels of 8000 tons burden are engaged during the year in catching herrings for salting, and the annual yield is about 8350 tons. About 100 of these vessels are owned at Boulogne, where the fishery is better organized than any where else in France. Our double-page illustration will give an idea of the appearance of one of these boats in full tide of operation. The crew have evidently been selected from the Norman peasantry, and the interest of the occasion has brought even the women down to the shore to witness the unloading.

In Great Britain the herring fishery is second in importance only to that of the cod. There is evidence that it has been prosecuted in England since the eighth century, while in France there is no record of it earlier than the eleventh; but unquestionably the true date of its commencement is anterior to both of these, the finny tribes having contributed to the larder of man in all countries long before there could be any written record of the fact. The prosperity of Holland is in a great measure owing to the herring fishery, and Amsterdam is said to have been built on herring bones. The Dutch engaged in it with great eagerness, and carried it on even upon the British coasts at a time when it was comparatively neglected both by the English and Scotch.

The common mode of capturing herrings is by means of a large set of nets joined together, and known among fishermen as a "drift." These nets, held together by a back rope, are let into the water in a straight line, and are kept perpendicular by a number of bladders or cork floats, balanced by a few slight weights of lead. Each single net is composed of fine twine worked into meshes of an inch square, and is fifty yards long and thirty-three feet in depth. These nets, which are now woven by machinery, were formerly made by the fishermen's families; but so many are used at once in the present mode of capturing herring, that it would be impossible to make them by hand. It is not unusual for each boat to have a train that extends nearly a mile in length.

Another mode of fishing, known as "trawling," but which is in reality carried on by means of a "seine" net, prevails on some parts of the British coast; but in Scotland trawling is illegal, and subjects those who practice it to heavy penalties. The boats required in the herring fishery, although open or undecked, require to be of considerable size, in order to contain the large quantity of nets, as well as to bring home the fish that may be taken. The fishermen also believe that the open boats are more convenient for the manipulation of the nets. Each vessel is usually manned by a crew of five or six persons—one to guide the boat, and the others to manœuvre the sails, net, etc. The boat generally belongs to one person, who hires his assistants, or may be owned by two or three, who form themselves into a crew and share in the proceeds of the capture. The boats of the district usually gather to a particular centre, for the convenience of the curers. Some fishermen will proceed a hundred miles or more to a favorite port, and many of the curers have curing stations at five or six different places.

The commerce carried on in herrings is peculiar. They die almost immediately upon being taken from the water, from which circumstance the English saying of "dead as a herring" is derived. Life is extinct before they are measured into the "cran"—a vessel which contains forty-five gallons—and expedition must be used to get them into the hands of a curer before they are spoiled. A very large proportion of the herrings taken on the British coast are pickled or cured by means of salt. At Yarmouth and some other parts of England, and also in Scotland, the herrings, after being slightly salted, are made into what are called "bloaters" by means of smoking. A large portion of the total "catch" is also made into what are technically known as "reds" by means of more complete smoking.

The herring curer is usually a person of consid-

"UNLOADING A FRENCH HERRING BOAT AT BOULOGNE."—FROM A PICTURE BY LIONEL SMYTH.—[SEE PAGE 861.]

erable capital, who contracts with the owners of the boats for a certain quantity of fish, for which he pays at a rate which has been arranged at the beginning of the fishery. Some curers will have as many as two hundred and fifty boats fishing for them on various parts of the coast. A large number of women are employed to gut and pack the fish, which they do with astonishing dexterity. The excitement and bustle of a herring season at a large fishing port are not without their interest to the traveler, even if he be not interested in the cure or capture of herrings. The magnitude of the operations may be judged from the fact that in Great Britain nearly a million barrels of these fish have been packed in a single year, the number of persons employed being about a hundred thousand. Herrings are never out of season. They can be taken all the year round, and there is a winter and a summer fishery. The largest numbers, however, are caught in the months of August and September, at which season the fishery becomes general, and the waters of the North Sea swarm with fishing craft sent out from the ports of England, Scotland, and France.

THE BASS ROCK.

THIS remarkable island rock is situated off the east coast of Scotland, near the mouth of the Firth of Forth. It is about two miles from Canty Bay, Haddingtonshire, and opposite the ruined castle of Tantallon. Rising abruptly to the height of 420 feet above the level of the sea, it presents to the visitor one of the most striking objects in entering the mouth of the Firth. About a mile in circumference, and nearly round in shape, it is inaccessible on all sides except the southwest, where it shelves down to the water, and even there landing is difficult, and almost impossible when there is any swell. About half-way up the southern slope of the rock are the remains of an ancient chapel, pointing to an early date, and associated with the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. At the base of the same slope, clinging, as it were, to the sides of the precipice, are the mouldering walls of a fortification in which numbers of the Scotch people were incarcerated during the reign of the STUARTS.

The first mention of the Bass in ancient records is in connection with one of the religious hermits, who at a very early period, driven probably by persecution or by the wars between the Picts and the Scots, selected it as his place of retreat. The name of this hermit of the Bass was St. BALDRED. He was of Scottish descent, and flourished at the end of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century, having died in the year 606. The ruined chapel of the Bass is said to mark the place of BALDRED's humble cell, but there is reason to believe that it is of comparatively modern date. It would appear that the island at one time formed a parish, and that the "parish kirk in the craig of the Bass" was consecrated in honor of St. BALDRED in 1542, when it is more than probable the structure was first erected under the patronage of that notorious enemy of the Reformation, Cardinal BEATON.

The earliest proprietors of the island on record were the ancient family of the LANDERS, who from this were usually designated as the LANDERS of the Bass. A charter of it from WILLIAM DE LAMBERT, bishop of St. Andrews, in favor of ROBERT LANDER, dates as far back as 1316. According to HENRY the Minstrel, ROBERT LANDER accompanied WALLACE in many of his exploits. In the aisle of the lairds of the Bass, in the old church of North Berwick, a tombstone once bore the following inscription in Latin-Saxon characters: "Here lies the good ROBERT LANDER, the great Laird of Congalton and the Bass, who died May, 1311." The crest they assumed from it was characteristic—a solan-goose sitting upon a rock.

It does not, however, appear when the Bass began to be used as a "strength" or fortified place. The first we hear of it having been thus employed is in the year 1405, when it afforded a temporary retreat to JAMES, the youngest son of ROBERT III., before embarking, under the guardianship of the Earl of Orkney, upon that ill-fated expedition which resulted in his being taken by the English and detained nineteen years in captivity. That even at this early period there was a castle or some fortification on the island is a supposition strengthened by another fact. On the return to Scotland of the young prince, afterward JAMES I., in 1424, we are informed that WALTER STUART, eldest son of MURDAC, Duke of Albany, who had acted as regent, was arrested and "sent prisoner to the Castle of the Bass."

That the Bass continued as one of the strengths or fortresses of old Scotland during the sixteenth century we have abundant evidence. BOECE describes it as "a *castle* in Lothian, fortified by nature in the most extraordinary manner, being situated on a very high rock more than two miles from the shore, and surrounded on every side by the sea." In 1581 JAMES VI. paid a visit to the Bass, and seems to have conceived a strong desire to obtain possession of it for the crown. It is said he offered the laird whatever he pleased to ask for it, upon which LANDER replied, "Your Majesty must e'en resign it to me, for I'll have the old crag back again." Shortly after this, however, it fell into other hands.

But in the course of events the old rock was destined to suffer a radical change both in regard to masters and inhabitants. Having fallen into the possession, first of the Laird of Waughton, and after into that of Sir ANDREW RAMSAY, Provost of Edinburgh, it was in October, 1671, purchased from the latter by LAUDERDALE, in the name of the government, to become a state-prison "The use," says KIRKTON, "the king made of it was to make it a prison for the Presbyterian ministers; and some of them thought, when they died in the prison, as Mr. JOHN BLACKADDER did, they glorified God in the islands."

The reign of persecution had commenced. The prisons and tolbooths of Scotland were filled to overflowing; it was found necessary to provide more accommodation for the increasing number of delinquents, and the Bass, from its proximity to the capital, its security, and perhaps its dignity as a castle, was selected as a fitting receptacle for the leading men, and more especially the Presbyterian ministers. A slight survey of the ruins of the fortress, as they now stand in naked desolation, is sufficient to corroborate the testimony of the prisoners, and to show that they had little reason to congratulate themselves on the selection of their marine prison-house. Placed near the base of the overhanging precipice, it must have formed a sort of tank or reservoir for the perpetual dripping from above, while it was washed by the spray from below, and entitled by